TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have a great regard for the Blakes, the Honorable Edward and Samuel. They are remarkably clever men—and good men. Like many other talented and good men they don't know how to be popular. Probably they don't want to be—possibly good and talented men can't be. No politician in Canada has made greater pecuniary sacrifice for his party than Edward Blake, yet his followers saw him retire from the leadership with a sigh of relief. None of his henchmen ever got near enough to him to get his heart warmed. There was a distance, a cold and impassable gulf fixed between the Honorable Edward and the queer crowd who sought to be near him. Yet nobody doubted, should he become premier, that he would do his best to give us honest government. I do not believe that he would have succeeded. It is a pretty hard thing to give Canadian people while we have so many minorities organized against it. Worse still, the best men in Mr. Blake's party were not those who got closest to him. Worst of all, it was not only the bad men but the fool politicians who captured his ear. Notwithstanding all this Edward Blake is a conspicuous figure on our streets, in our courts and in the history of our times, and his name stands for much that is pure and patriotic and everything that is unmagnetic.

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Sam Blake—it would sound odd to call him Samuel Blake—and yet Sam has a sound of *bon camaraderie* about it which does not belong to the man any more than "Aleck" would if prefixed to the name of ex-Mayor Manning. Sam Blake has more humor in his speech, more egotism in his attitude, and more power to carry an audience, than his brother, yet what Sam Blake thinks and says has much less influence politically than what Edward Blake says. He has, in an intensified degree, that Blake insistence that what a Blake thinks should settle the question. As the public grow more and more indifferent on social and general topics, to the opinion of the Blakes, manifestations of unmagnetic egotism become more distasteful and make more absurd those who parade their excellent opinion of themselves. At the opening of the new Y. M. C. A. building on the west side, Sam Blake made a well worded, almost an eloquent address—he can always be depended upon to do that—yet he went too far and I might remark that he can always be depended upon to do this. He denounced the divorce of the state from religion, yet in the province of Ontario—supposed to be the most advanced in this respect—nothing of the sort exists. The state is not divorced from the church even, insomuch as we support by public taxation sectarian schools, the money raised for which might as well be emptied into the lap of the hierarchy. We open the legislature with gunpowder and prayer, and every possible recognition of the church and church dignitaries is made on public occasions. Much less is the state divorced from religion. As I have often before remarked the word "religion" is mentioned but once in the New Testament and that is where we are told that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, that ye visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and keep yourself unspotted from the world." As far as keeping unspotted from the world, Mr. Blake will probably admit that the churches themselves have not been entirely successful, and that even some of his own briefs may have had a worldly spot or two on them. But all our asylums for the poor and unfortunate, our homes for the sick and afflicted, are in evidence, by reason of the large state support given them, that in the best sense of the word Ontario is not divorced from "pure religion and undefiled," and the other provinces of Canada are following closely in our wake, Quebec being farthest off by reason of her narrow construction of the state's relation to the church which has resulted in the management of such institutions being given into the hands of a sect.

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Mr. Blake had more reason in his remarks when he denounced the puritanism which forbids athletic sports and provision in public institutions for healthy and harmless diversion. He stated that certain classes of bigoted people believe that those who enjoy a game of bowls or anything of that sort, even amidst proper surroundings, are on the "straight road to—ahem." Truly enough, but the Blake of him cropped out when he sought to silence all such objections by stating that he would be willing to play a game of bowls and then go home and read his Bible. I do not know whether he would consider it a safe thing for an ordinary man to play a game of bowls without going home and reading his Bible or not, or whether it could be carried to the extent of playing a game of whist and then reading the Bible. There are numerous nervous people who would like to hear from him on this point. But it is Mr. Sam Blake's method to drop questions which lead where he is unwilling to go by a simple reference to what a Blake would do under certain circumstances.

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The very good people, the very rigid people, remain on much more logical ground than is occupied by Mr. Blake, when they refuse to permit young people to engage in worldly pleasures of any kind. They are safer because they cannot be forced to draw a dividing line between carpet balls and billiards, between whist and poker, between kissing games and dancing. It does not become necessary for them to establish any rule as to the right or wrong of secular pleasure, insomuch as they calmly forbid it all without reference to surroundings or tendencies. I have no doubt Mr. Blake would be very much horrified by a game of bowls on Sunday even if the Bible were read immediately afterwards. I have fears that much as he regards churchgoing, Bro. Blake would not countenance the use of a Sunday street car on the way from a Bible reading to a sermon, and yet there are many who would not be afraid to drive a Sunday street car and read the Bible afterwards. These unterrified people would object, no doubt, to Sunday street cars if the men were made to work more hours, or even as many hours per week, as they are made to work now in this city, but under proper supervision and with care taken that the tendency shall not be to destroy but to add to the day of rest, I for one am most emphatically in favor of Sunday street cars, and believe the difference between proper Sunday and improper Sunday cars is just as great and the evil is as possible to guard against as the difference between a game of bowls in a low drinking dive and a game of bowls in the Young Men's Christian Association Building. The great trouble is that our eminent Christians here in Toronto are mostly of the Blake stamp only wide in spots and narrow on the average.

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The overwhelming defeat of the by-law submitted to the electors last week has been commented upon by the entire press and many of the leading citizens as a direct vote of want of confidence in the civic administration. How much of this distrust is felt for the *personnel* of our city government and how much for the system, it would be difficult to say, but one would be quite within bounds in alleging that neither of them has any large share of public confidence. Yet what remedy can we hope to see applied? So long as the mayor and aldermen prefer the present system we shall have no other, therefore our only opportunity of bringing about a change will be the election of a majority of able, honest and progressive men. They in turn, having the city's good at heart, will adopt a new system of government, or at least make a sincere attempt to do so. Some time ago when the Citizens' Association was endeavoring to assist the City Council in the Don and Esplanade matters, some of the aldermen grew very wrathy at the thought of being assisted or requiring assistance. It seemed to them an impertinence for the citizens through their organization to suggest the fallibility of the City Hall statesmen. They shouted fiercely that they represented the citizens while the Citizens' Committee did not. The recent vote is a public declaration that the electors of Toronto have no confidence in the aldermen. They not only need help to finish their term but need to be helped out of office and into the obscurity from which three quarters of them should never have emerged.

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As to Ald. Boustead's resignation???

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But how are we to persuade representative citizens to be candidates for the positions which should be vacated at the end of this year. A self-respecting man, unless he be very ambitious, is unlikely to push himself forward. There must be some organization to invite good men to come forward, to insist indeed on their candidature and to be able to guarantee to those who consent such assistance in the campaign against ward grabbers that their election shall be reasonably certain. Who is to do this? Again I ask the Citizens' Association as I did last year and have more than once done this year, why not utilize their organization to make this first step towards municipal reform? If some of the gentlemen who in newspaper interviews have expressed such strong opinions would organize themselves or press this point on the organization that already exists, something may possibly be done. Otherwise the experience of the year will be in vain and another period of incompetence and extravagance may be expected to begin as soon as the new city government is installed.

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Wednesday's papers contained two items which confirm the popular belief that Roman Catholic clergymen frequently exceed their legal powers in denouncing from the pulpit such persons and institutions as seem to them obnoxious. The *cure* of St. Cunegonde, in the Province of Quebec, recently forbade his parishoners to send their children to a certain private school, and the result was that the four ladies who kept the school sued him for $10,000 damages. The suit resulted in the withdrawal of all damaging statements, the payment of $400 damages, together with the plaintiffs' costs, and a retraction was read at mass and will be published in the newspapers. In Massachusetts a priest denounced a doctor, who having been divorced had married again, and notified his congregation that he would not minister to any one in sickness who was attended by the excommunicated physician, as "a priest in his sacred function cannot remain at the same time as an excommunicant under the same roof." Damages were awarded the doctor by the court, and on an appeal taken to the supreme court, the judges sustained the verdict. It seems to me eminently proper that what in many instances has become the license of the pulpit should be restrained, and it reminds me that when, in New Jersey, the hierarchy threatened the members of their church with excommunication if they sent their children to the public school, the Legislature threatened to pass a law making such conduct a criminal offence, and the obnoxious threat was at once withdrawn. It is inconsistent with public liberty that any citizen who obeys the laws should be threatened by any one, lay or clerical, with terrors of any kind, and in this country we will yet have to put a stop to coercion, which is intended to divide or destroy public institutions, such as our school system, and to prevent interference with the election of popular representatives, whether the position to be filled is that of school trustee or member of parliament.

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I cannot see the reason why Roman Catholicism, should make such desperate and—if the progress of the century is to be unhindered — futile attempts to separate itself from that publicity and freedom which the masses esteem the distinguished blessing on the age. A cable report comes to us that Rev. Canon Hegarty, parish priest of Glanmore, county of Cork, on discovering the presence of a reporter in his church, demanded his notebook and when he failed to comply asked his congregation to snatch it from him. A policeman put the reporter out, but I am glad to say that he did not get his notebook, and I cannot see what right they had to eject him. If a church is not a public place, what is? Do not our Catholic brethren contend that they preach the gospel? Is not the place where it is preached free to all who do not disturb the services? If what is said is worthy the ears of those who listen, it certainly cannot be unfit for the eyes of those who read.

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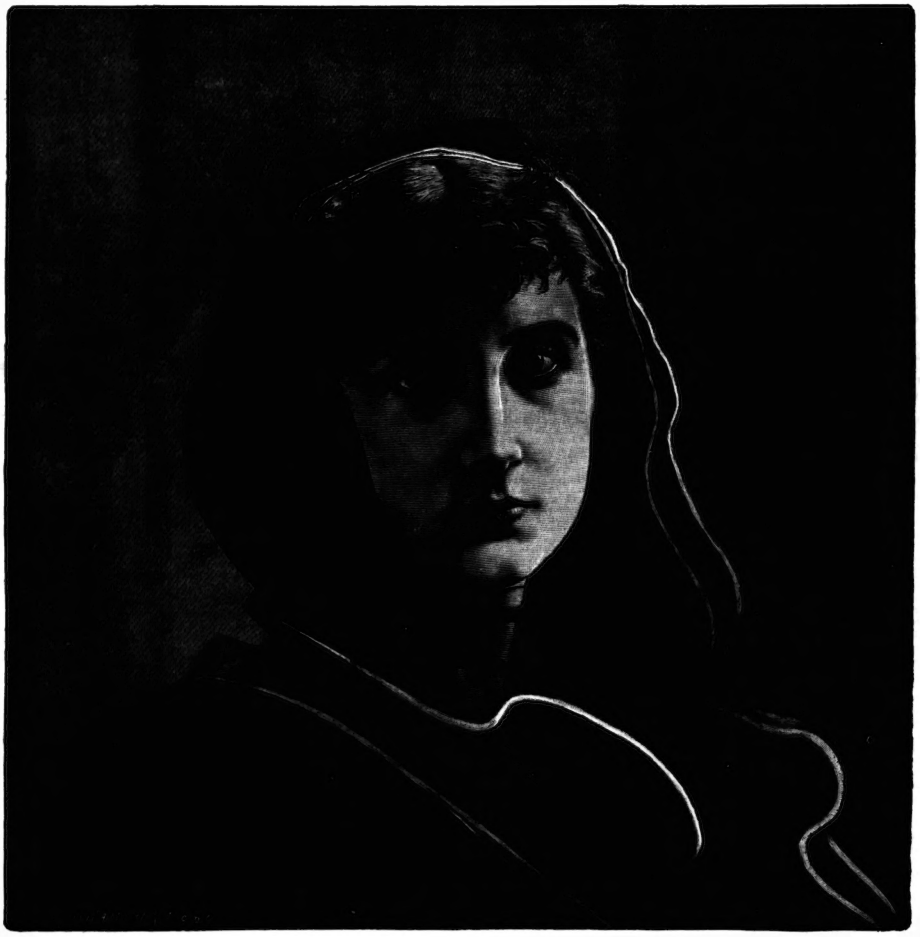
Rev. James Thompson, a Methodist minister on the Honeywood circuit, which is in the neighborhood of Shelburne, Ont., has been suspended by the district committee for being heterodox. The accused clergyman, we are told by the newspapers, has always had crowded houses and his sermons were very popular — something that many of his brethren cannot claim. He seems also to be an honest man and not ashamed of his views, and this is another respect in which he differs from many of his colleagues. When he was tried he admitted that he had taught the doctrine of Conditional Immortality and the Annihilation of the Wicked. It is to be hoped that if Bro. Thompson finds the doctrines of which he is not ashamed are out of harmony with Methodism that he will associate himself with some denomination



THE BLACK DOMINO.

which will permit him to preach them, for they are in harmony with the Bible, with every human instinct, with justice and commonsense. To those who believe in a hell, where the bones and flesh of the damned are eternally crackling in never-dying flames and where the spirit of the sufferer, in defiance of all natural and unnatural laws of which we have ever been informed, lingers on worlds and ages and millions of cycles of ages without end, any doctrine whereby the unsanctified are given a chance to get out of the heat is obnoxious. Heaven to them would apparently be robbed of nearly half its charms were hell with its incense of burning flesh and the shrieks of the damned to be abolished. To many of the clergy the doctrine of future torture is the only means of holding their congregations and if it were abolished, like that of Demetrius, the silversmith of Ephesus, their "craft would be in danger." They are welcome to hold such a doctrine and those who fear it probably need its restraint as, doubtless, nothing else would influence them. There are many who profess it but the lives of the majority of them are kept pure by higher impulses, and I doubt if the doctrine of everlasting torment has ever driven a scared soul into heaven.

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It is to be hoped that Bro. Thompson, now that his office of Methodist minister has been temporarily taken from him, will go upon the the platform and give the waiting public a chance to hear a reason for the faith that is in him. I think he would be able to show that the annihilation of the wicked is by no means a comfortable or comforting doctrine. Any soul that feels within itself a worthiness of life, must look with the utmost horror upon a fate which means the going down forever into the ground with no chance for a reunion in another world with loved ones who have been torn from the clinging arms of our affection and carried beyond the mists which are always hanging like a veil between here and the hereafter. To the soul that feels that life would be good and worth living if we were freed from those weaknesses and evils which do so beset us it must be an incalculable sorrow to see the possibilities of a better and higher and more beautiful career in a land which is fairer than this destroyed by sinfulness and punished by eternal silence. Those of us who have all of our senses, when asked which one we would prefer to lose, would think first that the sense of hearing could be best dispensed with, but the dread of the awful silence, when no voice could stir our hearts or wake with melody the powers of appreciation which God has given us, makes us feel that it would be impossible to part with that. Nor is it easy to contemplate the loss of sight, the darkness which shall be illumined by nothing bright or beautiful, that we shall see never more the smile or the loving look on the faces of those for whom we care. It is hard enough to contemplate the loss of speech when we might see and hear beautiful things and find no means of communicating our feelings except to those learned in our special method. If we could feel nothing, great gods! what a condition it would be; but if all those things are to be blotted out forever and we to have no being! Is not the thought of such a fate enough to make those worthy of life struggle for that immortality which is the reward of well-doing and which is, according to the Bible, only made possible through Christ? It is a subject well worth thinking of, and that it is almost universally avoided or dismissed by clergymen with a few disparaging sentences is proof enough that logic cannot overthrow the doctrines for which Bro. Thompson has been condemned.

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At the Baptist convention in Woodstock last week Rev. Alexander Grant of Winnipeg, who is well known all through this Province for his vigor and originality, caused something of a sensation by saying: "We must guard against clericalism as we would against the worst form of heresy. I abominate being called a clergyman. I would almost as soon be called a priest. I don't ever want the word 'reverend' before my name. I am a Baptist from away back—further back than Winnipeg." I entirely agree with these sentiments and they are well worthy of the old-fashioned Baptist Mr. Grant professes to be. Why should ministers of the gospel be styled reverend? Is it because we are expected to revere them? Possibly the congregation of a preacher and those who are intimately acquainted with him, if he be a man of beautiful character, may revere him, but nowadays there is mighty little revering done as far as preachers are concerned. They work for a salary and as a rule deserve all they get and more, and those who listen to their preaching think they do their share in paying instead of revering. Outside of the man's acquaintance it would be absurd to expect the public to revere him simply because of his profession. We should, and I hope we do, revere the Master whom ministers are supposed to serve, but it is a piece of assumption to imagine that the reverence is also to be shown as well to the human being who engages chiefly at so much per annum in preaching. The fact is Methodists can seldom be said to revere a Baptist clergyman or a Catholic priest or a Presbyterian preacher. On the other hand, the consistent Catholic, instead of holding a Protestant clergyman in reverence, views him with distrust and his calling with dislike. A preacher has no more right to be called reverend than an editor has—and the editor has no right whatever. John Smith, who edits the Minnie *Herald*, does not insist upon being addressed as Editor Smith, much less as Rev. Mr. Smith, and it would not be considered a compliment if such a habit were to become general. How would Dalton McCarthy like to be called Lawyer McCarthy or Christopher Robinson, Lawyer Robinson? We should revere the office and life work of any man who does his best for his God and his fellow man, but because a man occupies an office which gives him possibilities of doing good it does not follow that we should revere him. Brother Grant is certainly right. It is a piece of clericalism.

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As a few silly people have started a petition for the reprieve of murderer Birchall, Judge MacMahon, in his report to the Department of Justice, has very properly made it plain what he thinks of the convict. If the devil were in jail under a sentence of death, enough foolish sentiment could be aroused to start a petition for his release.

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Up to the present time the efforts of Rev. Prof. Clark, who was left the literary executor of the late Prof. Boys, to obtain sufficient subscriptions to enable him to publish a memorial volume of poems, have not met with great success. There are so many who know the worth of Prof. Boys' that it is somewhat surprising that they have not more generally responded to the call. A final effort is being made, and those willing to subscribe should send their names at once, either to Prof. Clark, Trinity College, or to SATURDAY NIGHT office.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Ven. Archdeacon Boddy and Mrs. Boddy returned from their visit to the old land on Wednesday morning, and a goodly number of his parishoners assembled at the Union Depot and gave them a hearty reception. Daring Mr. and Mrs. Boddy's absence they visited their relatives in different parts of the British Isles, and returned full of health and vigor. A reception of welcome was rendered Mr. and Mrs. Boddy on Thursday evening by the congregation of St. Peter's in the school house. During the evening Miss Edith Moss on behalf of the ladies of the congregation presented Mrs. Boddy with a beautiful basket of roses, and the Hon. Samuel Blake on behalf of the congregation presented the archdeacon with a magnificent study chair, and Mrs. Boddy with a handsome easy chair. Mr. Blake's remarks expressed the kindly feeling which exists between pastor and people, and referred in fitting language to the valuable services rendered by Mrs. Boddy in all the enterprises of the church. Pleasant reference was made by the archdeacon, in his reply, to the feeling of friendship which is so strongly marked between the people and pastor, and he referred to the services of his assistant minister, Rev. C. C. Owen, who took entire charge of the parish in his absence, in words of high commendation. During the evening refreshments were served, and a choice programme carried through. The archdeacon will occupy the pulpit of St. Peter's on Sunday morning.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave a dinner party on Thursday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Wotherspoon of Quebec, Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse.

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Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street has been in New York this week where she went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Eber Ward, who will be her guests for a time.

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Mrs. Gzowski of St. Joesph street gave a delightful At Home on Friday of last week. Among the guests were Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Mrs. Torrance, Miss Darling, and the Misses McCutcheon.

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Mrs. McMahon welcomed a number of friends to afternoon tea on Friday.

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Mrs. Elmes Henderson gives five o'clock tea to a number of friends this afternoon.

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Miss Wotherspoon of Quebec is the guest of Mrs. Gzowski of St. Joseph street.

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Cards are out for a large tea to be given by Mrs. G. T. Blackstock on Monday next. The orchestral music is to be a prominent feature of the pleasure programme.

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Miss Amy Rutherford of Jarvis street, who has been in Halifax and Montreal for the past three months, will return to the city early next week.

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Rumors of two dances to be given at Harry Webb's are floating about. One is named for January I believe, while the date of the other is not yet decided upon.

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Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood is the guest of Mrs. Blackstock.

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Mr. H. Victor Cawthra goes to England shortly to complete his legal course, preparatory to being admitted to the English bar.

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Mrs. Blackstock of Jarvis street invited a few musical friends to an afternoon tea in honor of Miss Juch.

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Mrs. George Kirkpatrick of Kingston is a guest at Chestnut Park.

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Mrs. Bickford of Gore Vale entertained a gay company of young people at a dance on Wednesday of last week. The house was delightfully arranged and the young people did most thoroughly enjoy themselves for little whispers of "such a good time," have been drifting about ever since. There were present Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait, Mr. and Miss Thorborn, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Fanny Smith, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Fred Langmuir, Mr. Laurie, Major Harrison, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Ross, Miss Bunting, Mr. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Hockins and many others.

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Mr. Harold Jarvis will sing at the Church of the Redeemer to-morrow evening.

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Mrs. O'Reilly of Sumach street entertained a number of friends at dinner on Wednesday last.

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Miss Gurney's piano recital on Thursday evening drew a fashionable, interested and critical audience to Association Hall.

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The Toronto Women's Christian Temperance Union were At Home on Saturday evening last. Speakers from the Association for the Advancement of Women were present.

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Miss E. Pauline Johnson of Brantford was in town this week visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell of the Vokes company.

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Miss Carry Bull of Brampton is visiting her cousins, the Misses Bull of 5 Walmer road.

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Bugle-Major A. D. Brown of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club left on Thursday for a six weeks' trip through British Columbia.

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An enjoyable dance took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Dr. Pattullo of College avenue. The dance was given in honor of Miss Pattullo's wedding day, and was enjoyed exceedingly by all present. Among the young people were Mr. Jack and Miss Moss, Miss Biggar, Mr. A. Thompson, Mr. Harcourt, Miss Pattullo of Woodstock, the Misses Scott, Miss Musson, Mr. Brough, Mr. Ross, Mr. Alf. Jones, Miss McCollum, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Farrer, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Blossom Kingsmill, Mr. Burt Pattullo, Miss Pringle, Mr. Scott.

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Mrs. Merritt of St. Alban's street gave a small dance on Saturday last

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Mrs. Z. A. Lash entertained her friends at afternoon tea last Saturday afternoon.

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Mrs. Morrow of Halifax, N. S. is the guest of her mother Mrs. Macdonald at Oaklands.

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A correspondent sends news of a splendid ball given in St. John, N. B., by the bachelors of that city. The gay young bachelors have, it is said, been keeping much in the background, but determined at length to throw all their energy into the carrying out of a splendid social function. The Mechanics' Institute was used for the occasion, and with careful decoration proved itself an ideal building to help the bachelors to be hospitable. An excellent dance programme kept feet flying for hours, and then the gaiety began to decline, the pretty gowns became fewer and fewer, the spirit of the ball had gone with the ladies and gossip speaks well of the bachelors and their ball.

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Saturday's football game between Toronto and Varsity first fifteens proved a drawing card in spite of the many counter attractions. Amongst those present were the Misses Meredith, the Misses Shanly, Miss Small, the Misses Moss, Miss Stevenson, Miss Blake, Miss Burns, the Misses Swabey, the Misses Thompson, Miss Howland, Miss Maclean, Miss Strathy, Miss Wade.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Dr. and Mrs. Bingham have returned from their honeymoon.

On Saturday evening the Emma Juch Opera Company presented the German opera, Der Freischutz, to a very fair audience considering how unfavorable the weather was. The company was advertised to play Carmen, and as this opera had not been played here for many years great disappointment was felt, but of course all musicians greatly enjoyed the Weber music. The reason for the change was that one of the leading soloists, Mr. Rathjens, was too ill to appear. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stuart, Mrs. Leggett, Miss Leggett, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mr. and Mrs. James Mills, T. H. Stinson, M.A., Mr. and Miss Pierce, Mr. Nichol, Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Miss Ricketts, Mr. H. Gates, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Stoile, Mrs. Wanzer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsay, Miss Despard, Mr. and Mrs. John Hood, Miss Domville, Miss and Mr. Cartshore, Mr. and Mrs. Counsell, Mr. Rosenstadt, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. William Mills, Miss Brooks, Mr. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. James Macpherson.

Mr. Harley (the well-known cricketer) of Guelph is in town, the guest of T. H. Stinson, M.A., and Mrs. Stinson of Herkimer street.

Mrs. McInstry of New York was in town for a few days, the guest of Mrs. O'Rielly, Catherine street.

The first meet of the Hamilton Hunt Club took place last Saturday at Devon Lodge, Mr. George Tuckett's country place, Barton, and many riders availed themselves of the sport, and a capital run was made. At 4.15 the hounds were brought out and the hunt began. Of course there was no fox, but a "drag" took the place of it, and the hounds scented remarkably well. Mr. Palmer acted as M. F. H., and the horses all took the fences, fifteen in number, splendidly. The run took about three-quarters of an hour, and afterwards the riders were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Tuckett. A few of the riders present were Mr. Clinch of the Molson's Bank, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. C. W. Ricketts, Mr. E. Ricketts, Mr. T. L. Palmer, Messrs. Morrison, Stewart, George E. Tuckett, Bullen, Hammond and Master George Tuckett. There were also a number of ladies present. It is to be hoped that the success of the club will be continued.

Mr. Harley Brown of London was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. Neville of Toronto was in town for a few days.

The lecture on The Position of Woman in the Life and Literature of Greece and Rome, given by Prof. Hutton, M.A., of Toronto University, was listened to with intense interest. The schoolroom was well filled, and it is evident that these lectures are going to be a great success. The musical part of the programme consisted of solos, from Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Barr of Chicago, Mrs. Fenwick, and two piano solos from Prof. Aldous. Mr. Cullum occupied the chair, and a vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Hutton for the pleasure he had given those present.

The Misses Bella and Louise Roach left for Boston on Thursday and expect to be away about three months.

Another large gathering was present at the football match on Saturday, between the U.C.C. boys and our club. The match was merely a friendly one, and the boys played well. Bryce MacMurrich and Hargraft played splendidly for Toronto, while Pirie, Saunders, Briggs and Watson did some capital playing. Mr. W. B. Ferrie acted as referee. The result of the match was 35 to 10 in favor of Hamilton. Our team will play Stratford next Saturday on our grounds. Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss Leggat, Miss Briggs, Miss Aylmer, Miss M. Hamilton, Mrs. K. Martin, Mr. H. Gates, Miss Harvey, Mr. A. Harvey, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Sinclair were among those present.

Mrs. I. H. Stuart of Chesley is in town spending a part of his holidays.

On Monday evening St. Paul's church was crowded with a large and fashionable audience to see Miss A. B. Osborne make her debut as a soloist. Miss Osborne has been in Germany studying for two years and sang very acceptably, her numbers were Turn Thou Unto Me, from Eli, and An Evening Melody, both numbers were rendered with much expression. The other soloists were Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Vallance, Mrs. MacArthers, Messrs. Warrington and Arlidge of Toronto. Mr. Warrington received a vociferous encore for his magnificent rendering of Cantique de Noel, and this gentleman was never heard to better advantage in Hamilton. The same may be said of Mrs. Mackelcan in her two solos O! Lord Protect Me and Not Lost but Gone Before. The duet Good-Night sung by Mrs. Vallance and Mrs. MacArthurs was indeed one of the gems of the evening. Mr. Arlidge, always a favorite here, played his flute solos with his usual vim and was received in the best possible manner.

Miss Despard of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Wm Ramsay of Park street.

Miss Marcks of Bruce Mines is the guest of Miss Bell of Hannah Street.

Society circles are looking forward to the ever charming Rosina Vokes who appears here next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Mrs. Billings had an afternoon tea on Tuesday.

SYLVIA.

BARRIE.

A most charming evening was spent on October 15, at Hillside the pretty residence of Sir Cornelius Kortright being the occasion of a card party and impromtu dance. Whist and progressive euchre were the games. The young people played the latter in a delightful and interesting manner. Pretty and suitable prizes were given for three prizes. During the evening Lady Kortright and her daughter, received and looked after the entertaining of their guests in a very pleasing way. A most inviting supper was served about midnight and afterwards dancing was enjoyed for several hours. The music and floor were all that could be wished and it was rather reluctantly that many bade their kind host and hostess adieu. About sixty were present; the following is only a partial list. Judge and Mrs. Boys, Capt. Whish and Miss Hewett, Rev. W. and Miss Reiner, Mayor and Mrs. Pepler, Mrs. Vanstiart, Mr. and Mrs. Cotter and Miss Cotter, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Mrs. John Ardagh, Miss V. Mason, Mr. T. R. Boys, Miss Symonds, Miss Patteson, Mr. G. Esten, Miss Scheiber, Mr. F. and Miss Hornby, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Maghee, Miss Campbell, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. T. and Miss Baker, Miss Stewart, Mr. W. Spry, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. W. Cotter and others.

Mrs. de Blarquiere left recently for a trip to the old country where she intends remaining with relations for several months.

Miss N. Baker sailed for Ireland lately to visit relatives there.

On Wednesday evening, October 15, a very pretty wedding took place at Trinity Church, when Miss Sarah Lennox of this town and Mr. Williams, barrister, of Toronto, were married by Rev. Mr. Watt, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. Canon Reiner. The happy couple left by the midnight train on their wedding tour with the good wishes of their friends. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

Miss Florence Parker, daughter of Rev. Dr. Parker, and Mr. George C. Campbell, barrister-at-law, Toronto, were married at the Collier street Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon, October 15, by the father of the bride assisted by Rev. T. W. Campbell, cousin of the groom. The church was tastfully decorated with flowers for the occasion.

A very pleasant evening was given by Mrs. Pepler for young people on October 18. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Card parties continue to be the popular amusement for many. Afternoon teas are given occasionally, and, judging from the success and pleasure that attends them, they certainly can be considered delightful.

One of the most enjoyable progressive euchre parties was given by Mr. and Mrs. L. Beatty of "The Cottage" last Wednesday evening for young people. After a few hours' play time was given by the bell, and the fortunate winners received pleasing and pretty prizes. Next on the programme was to adjourn to the supper room, which had been most tastefully arranged for the evening.

Cards are out for an At Home which is to take place next week; will probably give an account later on, and other items of interest which are spoken of.

OCULAIRE.

Next Week's Theatricals

Mr. Frank C. Thayer, representing the Janauschek company, was in town this week. This company will play at the Academy of Music all next week in a repertoire. Madame Janauschek's splendid histrionic powers have always proven a strong attraction in Toronto. She is supported by a company capable of giving her a strong and worthy support.

*

The Little Tycoon will be the attraction all next week at the Grand Opera House, with a matinee on Wednesday and Saturday. The opera will be presented here under the personal management of the author, Mr. Willard Spenser. Notwithstanding the enormous expense the usual prices will be strictly adhered to. The Montreal *Gazette* of last Tuesday comments as follows on the initial performance in Canada: "The effect of this opera is one of pleasurable sensation, alike to eye and ear, and though opinions may widely differ as to the benefit of the result, it is perfectly apparent that every note and line ministers in a marvellous manner to the realization of the author's intent. The music, though naturally of a light order, is characterized by an impetuosity and brilliancy which, moving in sympathy with each gesture and action of the artists, results in a peculiar and unique fascination."

No Assistance Needed.

He had just mashed his thumb with a hammer and was looking in silence at the bruised member.

"I judge," said the sympathizing neighbor, who was leaning against the line fence and looking over at him, "that there are reasons why you cannot express yourself as freely as you would like. Blank the billy-be-dashed luck to Hingnation. Double dash the blank——"

"Sir" interrupted the proud Kentuckian, laying down the hammer, pushing his hat back and inflating his lungs, "I consider myself fully competent to attend to this case, begad. I was only waiting to get ready."

And for the next eleven minutes he occupied the exclusive attention of the recording angel.

Academy of Music

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WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, October 27

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Juveniles (advanced) meet Fridays 4 to 6 p.m.

Ladies (new term) meet Tuesday and Friday, 7.30 p.m.

Gentlemen (new term) meet Monday and Thursday, 8.30 p.m.

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Boudoir Gossip.

A good deal of amusement has come to me time and again through the making of absurd combinations from the initials which some people love to decorate themselves with. For instance, I noticed a big negro girl last week wearing a silver brooch inscribed with the letters B. B. M. They were pretty, but after I had once said "Big Black Mary" softly to myself, I did not so much enjoy their prettiness.

•

During the past week I have been observing the different ways in which people pull street-car bells. Perhaps of all the passengers the one most to be admired is the agile man who moves out and pulls twice as he drops off the platform. The dude can't do that. He might get a spatter of mud on his carefully-stretched trowsers. He does it thoroughly, rings in an assertive way, talks to the pretty girl beside him until the horses stop, and by the time that everyone is wondering if some frantic signal from a side street has caught the conductor's eye, me lord rises with affected languor and meanders out. Then there is the sharp tinkle of the business woman who knows where she wants to go, the uncertain pull of the vacillating shopper, the timid tug at the rope from the puzzled old lady, the resolute ding-ding of the man who has gone too far, and the short, sharp, snap ring of the sour old maid.

•

At a number of recent weddings among fashionable people the gifts have quite frequently been cheques, and a busy, handsome woman, whose social duties never warp her thoughts from her husband and children, said to me, in a practical little voice: "It is so sensible." Of course it is. People in general are waking up to the idea that houses cannot really be furnished with a heterogeneous collection of bric-a brac and gim gracks selected by half a hundred different people and representing half a hundred dissimilar tastes. An elegant bit of rare china will, in all probability, declare eternal war when placed on the small table which the bride thought would display it so well. If both gifts had been sight drafts on a good bank, the worried little home-maker could have chosen so much better.

If people must descend upon a newly married pair with presents, let them take the form of common every-day money, which will buy the most suitable bits of dainty furnishing for the home which loving hands are about to build.

•

Dame Fashion intimates a decided preference for a decided difference between house and street dresses. The feeling is growing, and it is indeed a wise way of gowning oneself.

The straight, plain dress, with its natty linen collar which adorns the unobtrusive woman on the street, gives place to swinging draperies, knots of ribbons and pretty lace when that same wise lady lolls in an easy chair at her own fireside.

•

We do not admire a person who departs from the truth in earnest assertions. In fact we despise one whose word cannot be depended upon, and the first time a child or man or woman finds out that there are unscrupulous people in the world, the very soul is shocked and it is just a flip of a cent whether the better nature recoils or comes to the unwise conclusion that it is a little way that people have to learn when bustling about this busy world.

Not long since I was aboard a train on which were also a foolish mother and an ignorant father, who combined their efforts to shut off the distressing wails for impossible things with which their first-born entertained the passengers. He was Scotch, I think, for he would not be persuaded, defied all concessions, and even screamed right on through all promises of future bliss. Then the mother took him in her arms, and, holding him to the window, said that she would throw him from the car if he did not stop crying within a specified time. The little fellow looked at her. She met his gaze, and re-iterated the lie. He started convulsively, and that car rang with the most explosive yells that young boyhood could utter. I was glad. I hoped he would keep right on. But she held him close and said she was "only fooling." The wise baby face soon lifted and with the little tears gleaming on his dark eye-lashes, he stretched out his arm and was soon asleep on his father's breast.

I believe that baby-boy knew that she had misled him, and I pitied her, to think that some day he might reproach her with teaching him to sacrifice the truth for convenience sake.

•

People who are "afraid of thunder, and can't abide lightning," miss a good deal of chance to expand the imaginative part of their mental machinery. Perhaps lightning nowhere looks so grand and awful as on the water.

I watched it from the hurricane deck of a lake steamer during the past summer, and never did I enjoy a blow so well.

The air seemed filled with blackness—some tangible thing that crawled itself among the deck, and curled among the ropes. The water was calm for the wind did not have full sweep across it, and the boat's motion was a scarcely-perceptible one. Black night, thunder which seemed to break into its furious roars just above my head, lightning in sheets and in lines which showed a new angle every second, dashes of rain, and in the lull the eerie cries of wind-tossed leaves on the wooded shore near at hand were glorious factors in an awful scene.

The wind began to blow harder, umbrellas became useless, rubber cloaks were infatuated with the wind and owned its sovereignity.

We climbed down, and, peering through the saloon windows saw a gay company who were passing the enforced imprisonment with music and bright chat, while an interested yet timid group gathered about the windows and said "On-h-h-h," when the deck was flooded with the clear metallic gleam of a wicked flash of lightning.

CLIP CAREW.

Tommy Went up Head.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?
New Pupil—Tommy.
Teacher—What is your full name?
New Pupil—Tommy Jones.
Teacher—Then Jones is your last name.
Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other one for a month afterwards.

Four Young Presidents.

MR. A. G. MCLEAN,
President, Toronto Young Conservative Club.

MR. NEIL MCCRIMMON,
President, Toronto Young Liberal Club.

MR. GEORGE KAPPELE,
President, Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

MR. T. A. GIBSON,
President, University of Toronto Literary Society.

Two Free Trips to New York City.

For this month only. The *Fireside Weekly* will give two return tickets to New York for the two largest lists received in October. The winners of these extra prizes will of course have equal chances for the Free Trip to California and Florida and return, $200 sealskin sacque, made to order; handsome Shetland pony; silver tea set, worth $60; and many more. These are prizes for the largest list of words made from the letters in "*Fireside Weekly*." The contest is open to everyone sending in with their list $1 for the *Fireside Weekly* for six months. Send five one-cent stamps to 9 Adelaide west, Toronto, for copy and premium supplement.

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100 Beaver Ulsters, navy, black and grey, at $5.95
ONE TABLE FULL OF MANTLES. Your choice of any style at $5. Not one of these Mantles was ever before sold for less than from $10 to $20.
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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

MRS. INGRAM'S COMPANION

A wild foamy sea, bearing traces of the storm which had raged during the night, flinging its mighty waves upon the low stony beach, and nearly covering the massive ruins of the old castle on the shore which had resisted its violence for nearly two hundred years. At low tide it was possible to explore the ruins, to wander among the vaults and passages, to look up from their midst and see the blue sky shining down through many a fissure, and to clamber about the great pieces of masonry which were dislodged when the castle grew unsafe and was blasted. These weather-beaten blocks of stone looked like masses of rock, all covered as they were with weeds and limpet-shells, and surrounded by little pools of clear water, where young crabs and star-fish sought refuge when the tide went down. But all these treasures were hidden beneath the water now, for the waves came tumbling in noisily far up the beach, and their snowy crests leaped over the shattered castle wall, filling the space within with foam and tumult.

Fierce as the storm had been, it was only a gust of autumn wind compared with that fierce one which for two long hours had held undisputed sway in one poor little human heart.

Just beyond the line of foam, and close up to the tottering castle wall, crouched a girl, quiet and motionless, with large dark eyes gazing out over the restless ocean, and crowned with brown hair, loosened by the wind, falling upon her shoulders. Young and fair, with clearly-cut features and a delicate complexion, but with a weary look upon her face and a bitter expression in the curve of her lips, she sat with clasped hands and bowed head, struggling to regain sufficient composure to walk back in front of the houses looking seawards, to reach her home and face her friends.

Her friends! The title was hardly a fitting one. Edna Campbell did not look upon the two ladies now sitting at home in their lodgings as her friends—quite the contrary; for, during the fit of passionate anguish which had just shaken her poor little vexed spirit, she had reckoned them among her enemies. But, friends or enemies, they had to be faced, and every five minutes' delay made the task more disagreeable and difficult.

"I can bear it, I suppose, and go on pretty cheerfully afterwards," she murmured at length, trying to put her tresses, all damp with the spray, into something like order. "It takes a good deal to kill one, especially when one is blessed with a strong constitution like mine. Girls like Gerald's sisters would have given up long ago—fallen ill and died, I dare say, or at least have gone away and tried to find peace elsewhere. That isn't my nature—I must fight on to the end."

She scrambled to her feet, and, having succeeded in coiling up her hair, put on her straw hat utterly regardless of appearances. Her boots were wet, and the edge of her dress was soaked with sea-water; but what did it matter? she asked herself. Who was there in this little out-of-the-way town who she need care about? Who was likely to notice her?

"So now for Mrs. Ingram's polite speeches and Florence Markham's disdainful looks!" she said to herself, gathering her skirts together, and beginning to stumble over the shingle. "I wonder what has brought her down here just now, instead of staying at Ryde with the others. I can put up with the old lady's temper when we are alone, or even before Taylor, but, with Miss Markham sitting by and watching me, it's simply maddening!"

The bad weather of the past week had reduced the number of visitors marvellously; there was a ticket notifying that apartments were to be let, in almost every other window along the quaint old-fashioned street facing the sea. The drizzling, penetrating rain which kept falling at intervals prevented people from venturing out; so Edna walked on, meeting only the boatmen, who, serenely indifferent as to the weather, were pursuing about much as usual. Now and then she caught a glimpse of the sea where a space had been left in the irregular row of house movements, near to the beach, and occasionally, looking landward, when she came to a street leading up from the shore to the back of the town, she could see a line of crimson in the western sky—the welcome sign of coming fine weather. Pausing for a moment, she heard the church clock chiming half-past four.

"And my hair in such a tangle, and all my things so wet!" she exclaimed, in a tone of dismay. "Now indeed she will be cross if I keep her waiting after five o'clock! I must manage to get into the room in time somehow, even if I go as I am."

Hurrying along in a most undignified way, she at length reached the broad parade, which was wet, shiny, and deserted, save by a little group near the pier—Taylor and her little brother, who all looked hard at her as she checked her headlong pace and walked sedately past them. The appearance of the girls, neatly shod and enveloped in waterproof cloaks, dry and comfortable as they were, made Edna feel her own damp bedraggled condition acutely; but the door of the house she sought was in sight, and she marched towards it with erect head and flushed cheeks as two remarks fell upon her ears.

"That is the girl who bathes alone every morning quite early, and goes in no matter how rough it is."

"Lives with her aunt, doesn't she—that cross-looking old lady who goes about in a wheel-chair!"

"She is not my aunt, fortunately," said Edna to herself, as she turned the handle of the door and stepped into the passage. "I shouldn't be with her long if she were. But, after all, I do think living with aunt Rosa would be worse; of two evils I have certainly chosen the lesser."

"Flop, flop!" went her wet serge dress against the stairs, as she stole up, swiftly but softly, past the closed sitting-room door, to her own little room above. Then she went to work with a will, flung off her wet clothes, dressed her boots for pretty high heeled shoes with smart bows, bathed her face and hands, and then began to comb her wind-tossed hair most unmercifully.

"It can't have struck five yet," she soliloquized, when at length the long tresses hung, smooth yet rippling, over her shoulders—"at least, I haven't heard it. Two plaits and a twist round the comb must do for this evening. Luckily my hair never looks untidy long. Now, if my gray dress has no tucker in it, I'm done for—there's certainly no time to get one ready!"

But fate was good to her this time—the gray dress was in perfect order; so, hastily putting it on, she pinned a knot of pink ribbon at the throat as she ran downstairs, pausing for a moment at the closed door to recover breath and enter with due propriety.

A view of the sea and the pier could be had from the window of the room, and a bright little fire was burning in the grate; for, though it was only the middle of September, Mrs. Ingram, being an invalid always felt chilly. That lady herself was seated in an easy chair near the hearth, a scarlet shawl about her shoulders and her bony white hands clasped idly upon her knee; while Miss Markham was gazing listlessly out of the window, with a neglected piece of lace work in her fingers. The tea things were upon the table—the tea evidently made, for the pot was muffled in its violet cosy—and the clock on the mantel proclaimed that it was six minutes past five.

Miss Campbell entered the room with an assumption of outward calmness which she was far from feeling. Mrs. Ingram surveyed her from head to foot, then glanced at the clock, and said:

"You have taken a long time to dress, Miss Campbell. It is exactly three hours and six minutes since you left the room in such unbecoming haste. I was just about to ring for Taylor to pour out the tea."

"I have not been dressing all this time," replied Edna, taking her usual seat at the tea-tray and drawing the sugar-basin towards her. "I've been out."

"Oh, Miss Campbell, have you really?" exclaimed the younger lady, rising and walking towards the table, as though she hailed Edna's arrival as a great relief. She was a tall fair-haired girl of two or three years younger, with a pleasant face and soft gray eyes. "I am so sorry I did not know you were going. I thought you were busy in your own room, or I should have proposed a walk."

"You might have taken the trouble to let us know of your intentions," observed Mrs. Ingram, displeasure marked upon every line of her face. "I might have wanted half-a-dozen things done while you were gadding about. And pray where have you been?"

Edna's spirits were low, and she was faint and tired—faint from want of food—for one of Mrs. Ingram's outbreaks of temper had so embittered early dinner that she had eaten scarcely anything—and tired from her recent hasty walk and the passionate outburst of indignation she had indulged in under the castle wall. Down on the beach, with the waves dashing almost under her feet, she had felt strong enough and self-reliant enough to defy a whole legion of Markhams and Ingrams, but now, in the presence of only two of these obnoxious persons, she showed the white feather at once, and replied meekly:

"Down by the castle ruins. I thought, as Miss Markham was with you, you would not want me."

"I dare say the sea looks grand, dashing over those old walls. Is still rough," remarked Florence Markham good-natuedly, but vainly, trying to avert the threatening rebuke.

Mrs. Ingram drew the red shawl impatiently over her shoulders.

"Since you have taken the afternoon for your own amusement," she said sourly; "for, perhaps you will be kind enough to bestow the evening upon us. There is a book Miss Markham brought down with her which I am most anxious to hear read, but I am made to wait even for that trifling gratification."

"Oh, aunt, I would have read to you with pleasure!" began Florence, blushing almost as vividly as Edna; but Mrs. Ingram stopped her sharply.

"Oh, nonsense, child! You read so badly that I can't bear to hear you. I'm used to Miss Campbell's voice; and, besides, it is her duty."

So, when the tea was over and cleared away, Edna sat down to read aloud, following with interest the fortunes of a certain heroine who loved not wisely but too well, while Miss Markham knitted and Mrs. Ingram listened and dozed, until the clock struck nine, and the punctual Taylor appeared, bringing sandwiches and wine. After this repast, the two young girls were dismissed to their respective chambers, and Taylor took charge of her mistress for the night.

"I'm not going to bed," remarked Edna, putting a shawl over her shoulders and throwing open her window—only just half-past nine, and such a glorious night as it is! If Florence had the spirit of a mouse, she would come up and ask me to go for a turn on the pierrot; everybody is out, and the band is still playing on the pier. I don't know that I would go with her, though, if she did—I detest her soft face and light hair—but I should like to be out, all the same."

It was a glorious night; the storm-clouds had departed, and the full September moon shed her clear light upon many a group still lingering restlessly, and upon the long pier with its slowly-moving crowd of people. From the end of the pier came the sound of music—the band—not a very good one, although its harsh tones were softened now by distance and sounded very pleasantly—playing the old Irish air, "Savourneen Dheelish;" and Edna, the lonely girl at the window gazed and listened, the tears came rushing to her eyes, and, with a sudden movement, she clasped her face upon her hands, murmuring brokenly—

"Oh, Gerald, dear love—dear Gerald!"

She knew that people would say she had no right to think of him, the owner of Markham Place—young, handsome, blue-eyed Gerald, Mrs. Ingram's favorite nephew, and the only person for whom the old lady ever evinced a spark of affection.

Gerald Markham was a young man who owned a fine estate in Northamptonshire, with that grand old house in which she and Mrs. Ingram had spent the summer months, and whose sisters were proud and high born dames, holding their place among the noblest of the county families, and appearing totally unconscious of the existence of Edna Campbell, save as a young person in attendance upon their beloved aunt.

In spite of these facts, however, Gerald Markham loved his aunt's companion, and his aunt's companion loved him. He had always visited Mrs. Ingram very regularly, even in the days when an old and uninteresting lady held the post of companion to her; but, when good Miss Pratt retired and Edna Campbell reigned—or was reigned over—in her stead, his visits became more frequent; and Mrs. Ingram rejoiced at his dutiful conduct, never imagining for one moment that Edna attracted him thither. His courtesy and kind words had made the first weary months of bondage press less heavily on the girl's spirit; she watched eagerly for his coming, and felt revived and gladdened by the sunshine he seemed to bring with him, until from gratitude she passed into love, and so worshipped him humbly and from a distance.

The course of their love might have run on smoothly until it was either declared or discovered, Gerald might have declared his love, and Edna might have confessed hers, and then, firm and full of trust in each other, they might have made a brave defence against the united wrath of Mrs. Ingram and her haughty nieces. Mrs. Ingram went to Markham Place to spend June and July, and took Edna with her; and there the poor companion learned for the first time what a wide chasm lay between her idol and herself. Miss Markham and Miss Mildred were respectful and almost pleasant; Taylor, she being an old servant and ill-disposed to put up with any nonsense; but they simply ignored Edna, though she dined at the same table and sat in the room with them every evening. Gerald was away in Switzerland on a walking tour with two old college friends, and such letters as his aunt thought fit to write were sent to an hotel in Paris, where he found them awaiting him on his return journey; and sorely did he chafe and fume on learning that Edna Campbell had been for four weeks a visitor in his own house and he absent from it.

It had been a doleful four weeks to her, poor girl, shut up with one cross old lady and two proudly silent young ones. Towards the end of the visit Florence Markham, the rector's only daughter and Gerald's favorite cousin, came back to the rectory after a visit to London, and would fain have made friends with the quiet neglected companion who bore Mrs. Ingram's ill-temper with so much goodness and patience. But Edna had taken a dislike to her, regarding her in the light of a rival—for Mrs. Ingram made no secret of her desire to see the cousins married, and had often expressed her intention of making Florence an heiress in a small way should Gerald's choice fall upon her. Gerald's sisters, too, looked with favorable eyes upon their aunt's pet plan; and thus Miss Campbell, sitting quietly at work in a corner of the large drawing-room, had often heard the subject fully discussed. Perhaps it was only natural that in the circumstances she should have cordially detested the unknown Florence, who, on arriving, found all her kind intentions frustrated by the little companion's stern face and cold manner; nor could even Gerald, on his return, break the spell which seemed woven about her.

Many recollections of that sojourn at Markham Place rose up before her as she knelt by the open window in the pale moonlight and listened half unconsciously to the soft, sad melody which floated to her from the sea. Gerald was not for her, nor she for him; what could be more natural than that he should marry his cousin, a girl so well suited to him in every respect, one who would be an help in memory of his own, and whose lack of fortune was amply compensated for by her many graces both of mind and person.

Edna was generous; she could give her rival her full due; and, had it not been for Mrs. Ingram's outspoken wishes, she might have grown to like Florence by this time, instead of regarding her advances with aversion and distrust. For Gerald's sisters she felt nothing but unqualified dislike; and she thought that, dear as their brother was to her, she could never enter his family to be looked down upon and treated coldly as an intruder by them.

She knelt at the window, musing over her recollections, until the band had concluded its evening programme with a noisy march, and most of the people were gone home. The moon still shone brightly and the waves still came dashing in, white-crested, upon the shore, but the scene had lost its charm for her. At length she arose wearily and sought her bed, sighing over her hopeless love and her daily troubles, and wondering what the next day would bring forth.

It brought forth a morning of almost perfect beauty. It seemed as though summer had come again and mingled with the charms of autumn. The crimson lines in the west had proved true forecasts of fine weather; the sunshine was bright and warm, the breeze fresh and cool, while the sea, no longer rough or threatening, lay broad and calm, with just a fringe of little wavelets tumbling in upon the wet pebbles, and a long line of tiltering light upon its surface which made Edna's eyes blink and water when she looked at it.

The beach was very quiet and deserted at the early hour when Miss Campbell was down there taking her morning dip—for, though Mrs. Ingram did not object to the bath, it had to be taken early, so that her own plans and comfort might not be interfered with. Therefore Edna bathed at seven o'clock, and, Florence following her example, they were thus enabled to make their appearance in full toilette at the nine-o'clock breakfast-table.

"Didn't you say there were some pretty walks and drives about here?" asked Florence, as the two girls made their way rapidly along the parade, their hair quite wet, their faces fresh and rosy, and a sensation of being ready for breakfast stealing over them. "You're quite up in the locality now, I suppose, as you've been here nearly a month!"

"I haven't been about much, though," replied Edna. "Mrs. Ingram has been for only two drives; and one afternoon, when she could spare me, I walked about four miles among the sand hills. My knowledge is derived from a close study of the little guide book and the map."

"How far is it to St. Mary's Bay?"

"Six miles along the shore, but it's nearer across the country. I should like to go there."

"Should you?" exclaimed Florence. "Then we'll go. We might start directly after dinner, and spend the rest of the day there. It would be delightful!"

"Very delightful," said Edna, smiling, "but quite impossible. Mrs. Ingram would not spare me, in the first place, and I don't think she would say we could not go so far by ourselves."

"As if I had not thought of both those objections!" returned Florence, watching her companion's face narrowly. "Didn't I tell you that we expect my cousin Gerald here to-day! He'll go with us, of course, and he'll coax Aunt Ingram let you off—he can do anything he likes with her."

"For one moment a scarlet flush tinted Edna's face, then it died away, leaving her as pale as marble.

"You like him, don't you?" asked Florence. "He's almost the best fellow I ever know."

But Edna was not to be snared so easily.

"Yes, I like him," she replied, trying to speak indifferently, while her heart throbbed with delight; "he is very good-natured and agreeable, and Mrs. Ingram is not half so fidgety when he is with her."

"So you like him because he keeps my aunt in a good frame of mind, and he likes you because you take all her sharp speeches so patiently! The balance is pretty even."

"Nonsense!" rejoined Edna, laughing outright in her joy and light-heartedness. "I take her speeches because I am paid to do so. If I went away I should have to put up with my own aunt's sharpness and ill-temper without being paid, so my claim to merit is but small."

"I don't know how you do it—I really don't," said Florence, with such grave emphasis that Edna laughed again; and, as they had reached the house by this time, she ran up to her room, leaving Florence with an answering smile upon her face.

Miss Markham, however, was smiling more at a thought of her own than at any remark of Edna's.

The sunshine still bathed the beach and gilded the ripples on the sea and dazzled the sitting-room, but a wintry cloud seemed to pass over the face of the sun and to chill all things. Mrs. Ingram emerged from her bedroom and took her seat at the breakfast-table, her hands trembling and her face looking drawn and haggard. She was not well, had passed a bad night, and was consequently in tempered in consequence. According to her, the coffee was bitter, the eggs were over boiled, the rolls insufficiently buttered, and cold besides.

Taylor was summoned and lectured for not looking after things properly; and Florence, having listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to this dolorous complaining, hurriedly finished her breakfast and left the table.

Edna met her on the stairs a few minutes afterwards, with her hat and gloves on and a book under her arm.

"You'll have an awful morning with her, I can guess!" said Florence pityingly. "I wish I could help you, you poor little thing; but, if I stayed at home, she would quarrel with me in half an hour, for the first patience. You will find me at the end of the pier if I'm wanted before dinner, which I sincerely trust I shall not. I think that, Gerald will soon be here, and that will quiet her if anything will. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" replied Edna; and she went back to her grumbled. A few minutes later a face, and a voice within her saying over and over again, "Gerald will soon be here—Gerald will soon be here!"—a thought which scattered cross speeches and peevish complaints harmless.

Edna could even pity the poor, fragile, selfish old woman, who was evidently suffering acutely, and striving to conceal her suffering under an appearance of greater acerbity than usual. Sitting by the shaded window, ready to start up at the first call, she watched the old lady in her troubled sleep, and wondered if she had ever been cheerful and good-tempered, or whether her whole life had been spent in making herself and other people miserable.

Out-of doors all seemed life and activity as Edna softly drew aside the blind and looked out at the sparkling sea, and at the pier with its promenaders, where the ladies' dresses fluttered gently, showing that there was a pleasant breeze. The room had grown close and stuffy; a faint scent of medicine lingered about it; the blessed sunshine was rigorously excluded; and, above all, the fire was burning as briskly as though it had been mid-winter. The girl began to long for a breath of fresh air, for even one moment's relief from the oppressive atmosphere, but she dared not raise the window or cross the room to open the door. Just, however, as the confinement was growing most unendurable, Taylor entered with a cup of soup, and considerately left the door ajar.

"I shall not alter the dinner-hour for Mr. Gerald," remarked Mrs. Ingram, rousing herself and speaking snappishly—"he has no right to choose such an absurd train—neither dinner nor tea time. He can have a mutton-chop if he is hungry; I'm not going to put myself out of the way for him. Taylor, this soup is abominable! Who made it?"

"It's a little of yesterday's warmed up," replied Taylor meekly; "there was no time to make more."

"Oh, of course anything will do for me, as usual!" said the invalid, gulping down the soup with many wry faces and then handing back the cup. "Now don't disturb me again till dinner is ready; I think I can sleep a little."

Taylor looked across the room to where Edna sat, looking like a little caged bird shut away from the air and sunlight, and the good-natured servant made an effort for her release.

"I can sit here now, Miss Campbell, if you'd like to go out."

"Not at all," interjected Mrs. Ingram, raising her head from the depths of the easy-chair and glancing at the girl; "I may want her to read to me; I get restless. Stay where you are, if you please, Miss Campbell."

No more could be said, but Taylor did her best to cheer the prisoner. At the risk of being scolded for disgeting about the room, she drew up the blind a little, brought an armful of books to the window, put a screen before the fire, and finally, in taking her departure, left the door partly open.

Edna tried to read, but her thoughts wandered off to Gerald. He must be on his road by this time, she thought; he would soon be with them—soon be sitting in that very room; and she should hear his voice and enjoy his presence without the society of his two sisters. For the time she forgot all about Florence, and gave herself up to the delightful thought of passing the next few days with him; all jealous thoughts faded from her mind; he was coming—that was enough—and she awaited his arrival in quiet happiness.

(To be Continued.)

At the Village Post Office Window.

The life of a post office clerk in a town of two or three thousand inhabitants is full of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. He has nothing under the sun to ruffle the placid serenity of his amiable temper, and consequently his disposition soon becomes as sweet and mild as the perfume of a magnolia grove wafted on the gentle breath of summer. All he has to do is to engage in exhilarating conversations like this:

"Is there anything here for Sarah Bilkins?"

"Nothing, madam."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, madam."

"But you didn't look. How do you know without looking?"

"I have looked over the letters in the 'B' box seven hundred times to-day, and I remember that there were no letters in it addressed to you."

"Well, now, that's strange. I should have had a letter yesterday, and I thought it would come to-day, sure. Do you suppose it could have been lost?"

"It's possible."

"Do many letters got lost?"

"About sixteen millions annually."

"Oh, my! What is the reason?"

"By reason of incorrect or illegible address, insufficient postage, and other causes."

"Goodness! And I suppose lots of them had money in?"

"Yes. Twenty-eight thousand of the letters sent to the Dead Letter Office last year contained money, amounting in all to $48,642; 4,000 had enclosures of postal notes, aggregating $5,300, and 27,000 were found to contain drafts, checks, notes, commercial paper, etc., in the sum of $1,471,871."

"My land! And who gets this money?"

"If the letter contains the address of the sender it is sent back to him, but in over 3,000,000 cases out of 5,000,000 no address whatever is given by the writer."

"Then, perhaps, my letter has gone to the Dead Letter Office, or is held for postage, or something like that."

"Perhaps."

"Well, don't you think——?"

"Madam, will you please stand aside a moment until I wait on the people who are crowding around the window!"

And as madam departs she mutters spitefully that she "never saw such an insolent, overbearing, unaccommodating fellow as that post office clerk. He can't even answer a civil question, and I am going to have him reported to the department this very day."

Appropriate Enough.

Mrs. Larkin—I see that at a wedding in England the bride was accompanied by four little boys dressed in sailor suits.

Larkin—That's all right. It was a marry time affair, you know.—*Judge.*

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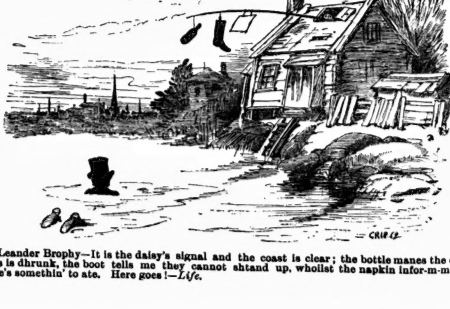

Leander Brophy—It is the daisy's signal and the coast is clear; the bottle manes the owld folks is dhrunk, the boot tells me they cannot shtand up, wholist the napkin infor-m-ms me there's somethin' to ate. Here goes!—*Life.*

Safe Home.

Outside, a bright June day, alive with noise. Birds singing, bees humming, the river lapping and splashing against the shore; every blade of grass, every leaf and branch of tree, restless with life and motion. The air fragrant and warm, spicy with the breath of flowers and blossoms; and above all a genial sun, "kissing with golden face the meadows green."

Indoors—ah! here is a change from the rhythm of motion and sound without. Imagine a great, bare school room, with a glare of light and heat beating in through the shaded windows, innocent of all save the most necessary furniture, and at the present moment occupied by three unruly children.

Near one of the windows stands a tallish boy, whose rather plain face is redeemed from ugliness by an intelligent forehead and nice brown eyes. He is declaiming Shakespeare, evidently to his own great satisfaction, and the no less evident disquietude of a fretful little girl seated near by, who is vainly trying to learn a holiday task. But his is not the only voice upraised. Cross-legged on a table is a small urchin of about ten, shouting with all his might, and in tones that may heard far and near—

"I am monarch of the sea,
And ruler of the queen's naves—"

"You may be monarch of the sea, but not of this schoolroom," says a tall, slim girl who has come in unnoticed. "Behave yourselves now, and I'll tell you a piece of news. The girls are coming by an earlier train. They'll be here directly."

This information is received with exclamations of joy, and the air is rent with "three cheers and a tiger" for the queen of the Cannibal Islands, which is the only title considered worthy the bearer of such tidings, though she is generally known to fame as plain, unvarnished Nan when in favor, and Anne when she is not.

Their noisy demonstrations are broken in upon by the admirer of Shakespeare, who, in the midst of the tumult of which he is leader, has yet kept on the alert for sounds from without, crying:

"Wheels! They come!"

A rush ensues for the front door. It is reached in time to see a somewhat dilapidated fly draw up, from which two pretty girls descend.

For a moment they are visible, but the next have disappeared from view, their affectionate and demonstrative brothers and sisters having thrown themselves upon them with shouts of glee. It is plain that they do not consider that "silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Some minutes elapse before the new comers are able to extricate themselves. When they do, it may be seen that their appearance has suffered not a little. One has her bonnet pushed aside, and there is an unstedfastness in her gait that shows that such charges as these are not of every day occurrence.

The other, either from being of shorter stature or because she received the first onset, emerges even more disheveled still; her bonnet hangs by its strings, her mantle is awry, and her pretty golden hair has slipped from its fastenings and hangs in long, glittering braids over her shoulders. Ah, sweet Polly, never in the days to come will you see a group of brothers and sisters together without a heartfelt longing for these noisy youngsters, without a memory of that home coming!

She recovers herself quickly, however, and comes to the assistance of her companion, who is vainly struggling to disentangle her eyeglasses, which have been knocked off in the general melee. The flyman stands admiringly by, and that evening regales his confreres at the village public house with a full and particular account of the whole proceedings.

By five o'clock the happy children have obeyed the summons to tea, and file into the dining-room in good order, said order being in consequence of Nan's threat that if they do not behave themselves she will cut small pieces of cake. As she has been known on former occasions to be as good as her word where cake cutting is concerned, she is implicitly obeyed.

While they are thus occupied let us have a look—it must be only a look—at this happy, overflowing family. Father, mother, and ten children, all sizes and ages, from the little yellow-haired lassie who sits in a high chair by her mother, and supes off bread and milk, to the grown-up daughters whose arrival we have seen to-day. Twins, and the elders of ten, these fair young girls have always taken the principal household cares off their mother's shoulders, staying at home till Nan was old enough to fill their places and keep her juniors in order. Then they felt that they ought to earn their own living, and, if possible, help in the education of the rest. As they possessed in a high degree the requisites of good nurses, they entered the training school, and passing through the necessary course, have been for some two years past acting as nurses at a hospital in York, helping the home people nobody could know how much, or by what self-denial.

Their mother has always, so to speak, set her face against the nursing project, though she cannot help conceding that it has been successful. But the hardest to bear, the real parting, is coming now. The girls have been offered responsible positions in Canada, which, after much discussion for and against, have been accepted.

The home people have looked with absolute disfavor upon the project; but first one, and then another, has been won over, till their mother's is the only dissenting voice. It is in vain they tell her that it need only be for a few years; as soon as the younger children are able to help themselves, or, indeed, as soon as they are educated, they, the twins, will come home. She has given her consent with a sore heart. Now they are at home for a brief three weeks' holiday ere they leave for the scene of their future labor.

By this time tea is drawing to a close. Slices of bread and butter innumerable have disappeared, followed by generous pieces of cake. The souls of the small fry wax wanton, and feeling that they have nothing to lose in the way of tea and everything to gain in the matter of a frolic, they proceed to give the rein to their lively spirits, further encouraged by the fact that their father has been called away on parish business.

"Ah, you Emmy! I saw what you were up to; trying to take two pieces of cake! If I were like some people I know I'd tell Nan; but never mind! wait till you have to pass the dark corner on the staircase. Ha! ha! ha! Hogles—ugh! wouldn't be you for a good deal!"

This from Jack, accompanied by a slight pinch.

"Now, Jack, I'll tell!"

"There you go—always wanting to tell tales. What an end you'll come to! Let me see—what happens to tell-tales? Oh, I know! Some fine day you'll be stolen by the gypsies and made to go a-begging like 'Rose Merton'; and if ever we see you we'll not recognize you—will we, Kaiser?"

"No, indeed! We'll be too glad to get rid of her," from Harry, who sails under the imperial sobriquet of Kaiser.

"Oh, you, Kaiser, you're worse than Jack!"

Here Nan, having come as her mother's embassadress, proceeds to restore a degree of order by telling Harry that mamma wants him, and taking Emmy under her own wing.

Jack waltzes across the room to Polly and Barb, whom neither of the elder boys have really seen.

"Let's have a little acting, Polly. You'll come up to the schoolroom and we'll do that nice one, you know, where I throw you downstairs, and you break your neck, or something like that, and then I am so dreadfully sorry. Don't you remember?"

As Polly feels rather too tired to be thrown downstairs and have her "neck broken or something," Jack is obliged to be content with some incident that does not require so much exertion on the part of the heroine; so, stabbing first Polly and then himself with a paper-knife, he pathetically entreats to be allowed to "die upon a kiss."

Twenty-one bright, happy days come and go all too quickly for the nurses and their family. They one and all feel as if they would fain have time stand still, so that they might linger awhile longer in their old home, and it takes no ordinary amount of courage on all sides to keep cheerful, at least outwardly, to the end.

Eighteen months come and go ere we see the sisters again. The first six have been anything but joyous, and sometimes they have felt as if they must give it up from pure lonesomeness. But, as time passes, this feeling wears off. Their work, of which they have plenty and to spare, is congenial, and they are comparatively happy, though they long for the familiar, unforgotten faces; and the English mail is still the event of the week.

Of the lady superintendent, who, like themselves, is English, and trained at the same school, they have made a great friend, being equally attracted to each other from the first. She is a widow, childless, and almost without relatives; in appearance tall and commanding-looking, but withal attractive, and to Barb and Polly she has been very kind.

"I never remember so many cases of typhoid fever as we have had lately; I hope we are not going to have a mild, wet winter; that always means fever in this climate; a sharp season is generally a healthy one here."

The speaker is Mrs. Courtney, who is seated by the fire in Barb's little sitting-room, on an afternoon in early winter. Almost every day at the same hour she and the sisters may be found here, it being the only leisure time that they have in common.

"Plenty of work for you, as you are the best fever nurse we have," she continues, turning to Barb, who is manipulating a tiny gas stove, her object being tea.

"Do you ever send nurses to the poor in their own homes?"

"Sometimes, but not often; they have a better chance of recovery in the hospital than in their over crowded, ill-ventilated houses. Where is Polly? She is off duty."

"Gone to get some cake. She will be back directly. Oh, here she is now!"

Polly comes in, her cheeks rosy and her eyes sparkling from the cold.

"We are going to have snow," she announces. "It is commencing to fall already. How the boys would enjoy the sleighing and sliding if they were only here."

She gives a little sigh as she takes off her wraps, and begins to cut the cake, which, by the way, bears a marked resemblance to the currant cake they used at home at the rectory. They always buy that kind.

"You always sigh when you speak of the boys. I think you must be more homesick than Barb."

"What is the use of sighing of being homesick? It is only for a little while. In a few years the children will be grown up, and able to help themselves. Then 'Ho for England, home, and beauty!'" cried Barb, as she raises her teacup and laughingly pledges her companions. "Friends, in the words of the immortal 'Sairy,' a humble member of our profession, 'The best of 'ealths to all.'"

They join in her fun, and drink her toast merrily enough; but Polly says, as she puts her teacup down:

"I don't know; sometimes I feel as if I should never see England and home again. There is a great deal to come and go before I do, at any rate."

"Well, you need toning up," says Mrs. Courtney. "I'll have to send you off to the country, or you will be no good as a nurse. But, my dear girls, I am behaving myself in a most dreadful way. I always do when I come to your rooms. I have quantities of work to do, and here I am drinking oceans of your tea and idling my time away. Good-bye for the present. I'll see you at supper time."

Mrs. Courtney proves, alas! a true prophetess. Ere Christmas has come the hospital nurses have their hands full. There is hardly any rest for those working in the gray old building, and the wards are full of fever patients brought to their present pass by a long course of starvation and foul air. To these the attendants prove veritable angels of mercy, for never in their wretched lives have they been so well cared for or so kindly treated.

Toward the New Year, however, the constant strain begins to tell first on one, then on another, though no one really breaks down but Barb, who goes about, feeling dreadfully sick and achy, till she can no more, and has to succumb, thoroughly worn out and very ill. For three long months she lies in bed, and then recovers, her perfect constitution having helped her through.

While she is still only convalescent, Polly takes the fever very lightly and every one thinks she will be as well as ever in a few days. But somehow she does not mend as quickly as she ought to. The doctor shakes his wise head, says the weather is trying, neither winter nor spring, and so on. But if those less interested are deceived Barb and Mrs. Courtney are not. As the days slip by they look very grave, and though they say no words, each knows what is in the other's mind, for in spite of all that good nursing can do, Polly fails rapidly, till it has ceased to be a question of anything but hours.

A wild storm of wind and rain beats against the windows of the room where Polly lies, perfectly sensible, as she has been from the beginning, but a wise, far-away look is in her great, star-like eyes, as if she were gazing beyond the walls of her bare room to her sunny English home—ay, and sometimes she seems to look further still. Whenever she dozes off into a feverish sleep she dreams of the days of long ago. Once more she is a little girl running about amongst the well-remembered woods, picking primroses and listening to the robin's whistling. Again she seems to hear the village bells peal out. When she wakens, 'tis to find that the sound she hears is only her own little clock striking the hour.

"Have the robins come, Barb?" she asks, as she has done so often, and Barb answers with what composure she may.

"No, not yet; but they'll be here soon. Do you remember how they built in the old elm tree last year, and how you called it our piece of the country?"

Next morning, for the first time in many weeks, the little room is void of life.

The rain has ceased, and a breeze, laden with the faint, aromatic breath of budding leaves, stirs the drawn shade, and moves it gently back and forth against the window frame. On a branch of the old elm a robin is swinging as he heralds the dawn of a new day.

A wasted life? Nay, for it was given for others. In a calling which requires more self-denial than almost any other a woman may choose, she had given "not grudgingly," looking beyond it to higher things.

House-Hunting.

Mr. Kranet (in disgust)—Efery blace ish dot sign "too late!" "too late!"—*Puck*

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Where He'd Be.

Mrs. Wickwire—If woman was given the credit she deserves I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history.

Mr. Wickwire—I believe you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted he'd be in the poorhouse.

The Judge's Error.

Magistrate (surveying the prisoner)—Ah! a plain drunk, I see.

Prisoner (with dignity)—No-shir; fancy drunk, shir. Had noshing but champagne, shir.—*Judge.*

The Eight-Hour System.

An eight-hour man on going home the other evening for his supper found his wife all dressed up in her Sunday best sitting on the front door step reading a French novel.

"How is this?" he angrily exclaimed. "Where is my supper?"

"I don't know," replied his wife. "I began your breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours were up at 2 p.m."

It Was, Perhaps, Deserved.

Amicus—Why are you so angry at having your poem reproduced in that paper?

Great Poet—Because the editor has appended a note to it saying that he reproduces it, not on account of its merit, but to show the kind of rot a man with an established reputation can get accepted.—*Life.*

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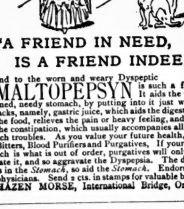

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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bement, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. R. F. McKeon, New Gretna, N. J.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

I was much pleased on the evening of the 16th when I heard Miss M. Irene Gurney play at her recital at Association Hall. Generally when young ladies, whose social position is assured, launch out into an appearance before the public in any artistic capacity their friends go and listen or look, as the case may be, and —commiserate. They all think they could have done much better themselves if they had tried, and that the *debutante* should be very grateful to them for the fact that they did *not* try, occasionally losing sight of the fact that probably the world shares this gratitude to a very marked extent. In Miss Gurney's case there was no commiseration and no feeling of superiority among the audience. The general impression was one of surprise and admiration. Miss Gurney needed none of the good feeling which surrounds the acceptance of a social invitation to popularize her work on that evening. She gave a most pleasing rendering of the numbers allotted to her on the programme. It was pleasing in every way, but especially so in the fact it was so good that the judgment of her listeners was not a matter of making allowances for this, that, or the other, but rather one of justly measuring the performer's ability by strict standards.

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In submitting to this test, and with such results, Miss Gurney showed that she is possessed of a thoroughly artistic temperament, excellent technical ability, and a proper conception of the spirit of the pieces she played. In her rendition of these numbers there was nothing of the amateur as far as courage and individuality of expression was concerned, there was abundant display of executive facility, and there was also a fidelity to the canons of taste which govern the performance of selections of classical standing. She has a rich, warm touch, and she plays with a freedom and ease which is delightfully refreshing. One of the chief and most pleasing characteristics of her playing is the self-contained boldness of attack and phrasing, which show the artistic feeling of the performer, the correctness of her models, and her thorough faith in and appreciation of them. This was especially shown in the ready and unfaltering manner in which she played the Beethoven quartette, op. 16. All her points were well taken up, and all her phrases excellently carried out, while throughout the performance of this piece she never lost sight of the fact that she was playing with the assistance of three other instruments of equal importance in the general scheme with the one she was playing on. A similar fidelity to her surroundings characterized her playing of the Chopin polonaise with Mr. Ernst Mahr.

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The general value of Miss Gurney's style as a solo pianist was probably more easy of measurement in her solo pieces, and in these she displayed great versatility. Her rapid work is clear and distinct, with nice gradations of tonal and rythmic effects. Her rendering of these pieces, while rich in poetry of feeling, is rather strong and dominant than poetic, the richness of tone production being probably the strongest characteristic. This disposition enabled her to give a rendering of the Schubert-Liszt Soiree de Vienne which was of marked excellence and virility. It also made her playing of the Wagner-Bendel Prize Song a fine, strongly-marked effort. The daintiness and clear elegance with which she played Macdowell's Witches Dance showed her capabilities in an entirely different direction. She might study the effect generally of greater contrasts of light and shade, and pay a little more attention to the beauty of cantabile playing, matters which will undoubtedly be adjusted with greater experience in playing before large audiences.

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Miss Gurney was well supported by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Mr. August Andersen, and Mr. Ernst Mahr, who rendered valuable assistance in the ensemble pieces, and by her former preceptor, Mr. F. H. Torrington, who played the accompaniments to the vocal numbers. Mr. Charles Kaiser of New York gave very acceptable renderings of some German songs, notably of Liszt's Loreley, which he sang in a magnificently artistic manner. His singing of three songs of Schubert was hardly as good, though the Trock'ne Blumen was sung with great feeling and correct art. The audience was a very brilliant and fashionable one, and the stage was elegantly decorated with greenery from the houses of Messrs. S. Tidy and Son.

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The other great musical event calling for mention this week is the visit of the Emma Juch English opera company. A brilliant house filled the Academy of Music on Monday evening when Wagner's Lohengrin was given. The opera was mounted with great richness and picturesque effect and its performance was an unusually excellent one. The company, which is the successor of the American Opera Company is well-balanced as to its principals and carries a very efficient chorus and an orchestra of more than usual excellence, all directed by Mr. Adolph Neuendorff. The chief attraction, of course, was Miss Emma Juch, whose rendition of Elsa has a continental renown. The universal verdict on Monday evening was that it was honestly earned. It would be difficult to imagine a sweeter vision, to both eye and ear, than Miss Juch presented on that occasion. Her appearance was charming and her acting vivid with thought and art, while her singing was delightful in every sense. Her pure sweet voice was in excellent form, and she sang with warmth and fervor and with maidenly reserve, according as the action demanded. She was specially excellent in the balcony scene and in the great love-duo.

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The tenor, Mr. Charles Hedmondt, was with the company last year, but did not then appear in such an important *role* as Lohengrin. He has a clear, sweet voice, with strength and an excellent method, and in spite of occasional variations from the key, he made himself a great favorite with the audience, and very deservedly so. His rendition of the part was dignified and earnest, and he sang excellently. The difficult part of Ortrud was well sustained by Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky, whose brilliant voice and strong dramatic work made her a very capable rival of Miss Juch in the esteem of the audience. Mr. Otto Rathjens, the baritone who sang the part of Telramund, is a new comer to Toronto. He has a fine, powerful voice and sings with great dramatic power. He had an excellent conception of his role and was very successful, although his foreign accent was a factor to his disadvantage. Franz Vetta as the King was effective as usual. The chorus was not as certain and sure as it should have been, though possessing a fine, full tone, and rendering many of its numbers excellently. The orchestra was one of the chief factors in the evening's enjoyment and contributed largely to present almost an ideal performance of opera.

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Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, the popular cornet player, has left the Queen's Own Band to seek a more ambitious field. He has assumed the directorship of the Heintzman Band and will, no doubt, give a good account of himself in his new field.

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At the Leo concerts next Tuesday and Wednesday the young singer will be assisted by Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes and an imposing array of local talent, comprising Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, Mr. Robert Mahr, Mr. Ernst Mahr, Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. Douglas Bird, Mr. J. C. Baguley, Miss Sullivan and Mr. H. L. Clarke. Three excellent programmes have been arranged by Mr. F. H. Torrington, the musical director.

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On November 6, Thanksgiving Day, St. George's Society will give its annual concert at the Pavilion, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch. The programme will be supplied by Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Jennie Houston, Mrs. Annie Waldron, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. J. Wallis, Mr. G. Dinelli and Mr. E. W. Schuch.

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Miss Hillary's Ladies Choral Club will again be a feature of musical Toronto this season, its first rehearsal taking place on Wednesday, November 5. METRONOME.

The Drama.

During the latter part of last week, Roland Reed drew large audiences to the Academy of Music by his presentation of Lend Me Your Wife. This play scarcely affords Mr. Reed the same delicious opportunities for subtle comedy as The Woman Hater. Still it is exceedingly funny in parts. The main feature of the plot is the deception practiced by Dick Easily on his uncle, Captain Abner Tarbox, an old salt. Dick depends on his uncle for his chief means of subsistence. He also, contrary to the captain's wishes, loves his cousin, the only daughter of his uncle. He is threatened with disinheritance and the cutting off of his allowance if he does not give her up and marry someone else. To save the latter he resorts to the dangerous expedient of writing home to his uncle the story that he is married and has a child. His uncle comes to visit him for a day. To keep up the deception he asks a friend to lend him his wife and child during his absence of stay. The difficulties which arise out of this state of affairs are irresistibly ludicrous. The old captain insists on being over-affectionate towards her whom he supposes is his nephew's wife. He must also christen the child Abner Jeholachim despite the protestations of everyone. On account of an accident to his vessel he resolves to stay three days instead of one. The difficulties this state of affairs give rise to are many and to the unsympathetic onlooker, very amusing. The incident of the play constitutes its chief charm. The characterization is essentially flimsy although the individualism of the old seaman is made prominent by Mr. Reed. The constant verging of the action on the improbable prevents one from regarding it more seriously than a mere farce. It also terminates with an illogical abruptness which is more characteristic of an extravaganza than a comedy of the legitimate kind. The company was well received and Roland Reed has made himself quite a favorite in Toronto.

Rosina Vokes and her company of clever comedians have been at the Grand this week. Miss Vokes is as petite, as gracefully active, as nervously magnetic and as funny as ever she was. Her little comedies, most of which we have seen over and over again, are laughed at as heartily as ever. By backing on a new one occasionally it seems as if "time cannot wither or custom stale (their) infinite variety." The only new play I have seen at the time of writing is A Corsican Legacy. It can scarcely be considered a valuable addition to her repertoire. Compared with such exquisite etchings as The Circus Rider, My Milliner's Bill or The Old Musician, it seems a poor thing indeed. It is built on the same subject and along the same lines as Harry Paulton's comic opera Paola. A descendant of a Corsican family, born and reared in London—a thorough Cockney in fact—is recalled to Corsica, and has family feud or vendetta unloaded upon him. His attempts to escape it constitute the comedy of the piece. The part of the Londoner is taken by Felix Morris, and is done to the life. Miss Vokes' part in this play is light. She does a graceful dance, which, along with a dance by Misses Lane, Marion Kilby and Emily Bancker, was well received. Mr. Grant Stewart, our ex-townsman, takes a small part in this comedy in a very creditable manner. It is so slight, however, that any attempt to judge his work by it would be unjust. With the exception of the addition of Mr. Stewart the Vokes' company is the same as last season. Her right hand man is Mr. Felix Morris, unsurpassed as a versatile delineator of character. Mr. Ferdinand Gothschalk's strength lies in impersonations of the smart English valet and thriving tradesman, while Mr. Courtney Thorpe shines in refined and romantic comedy. Miss Bancker, Miss Kilby and Miss Lane are three very capable young women whose work harmonizes well with that of the leaders in the company. The aim of the Vokes' company seems to be to do as well as possible anything and everything they attempt.

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The reign of variety has been broken this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's by a drama entitled Fabio Romani. The story bears a strong resemblance to Monte Cristo, which evidently furnished the ideas for the play. As a consequence the story is at once probable and dramatically strong. There is one thing, however, that will militate against its success and that is that the dramatization has been very badly done. The language is stilted and turgid and the action in many places most disastrously incongruous. The basis of an effective melodrama has been in a great measure wasted by the defects of construction. Thus a scene, which has in it the elements of dramatic power becomes, by indiscriminate language, and an equal lack of understanding in presentation, a mere piece of bombastic noise. Nothing is more trying to the nerves of a student of drama than a poor attempt at the presentation of a serious play. Poor work in comedy can be condoned, but "a passion torn to tatters" is one of the saddest things one sees in the theatrical world. Fabio Romani is not a good play. Neither is it a strong play. Bombastic language and noise do not make a play strong, although some people seem to think that way. There is often more strength in a woman's whisper than in the calliope toot of the brawniest Stentor that ever trod a stage. The scenery used in the presentation of Fabio Romani is very good. Some members of the company also appear to be making the most of poor material. Mr. Chas. L. Farwell as Respetti the Ragpicker is one of these. Mr. Walter Lawrence and Miss Frances Field also seem capable of better things.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House during the week of October 27, will appear The Dear Irish Boy. Of this play the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says: "The Dear Irish Boy was presented at the Star Theater last evening to a crowded house. The play makes no pretensions to classic beauty and none of the more savory characters stand out with especial prominence, as is the traditional way with the modern play-wright in the field of Irish drama. In this respect, The Dear Irish Boy is a departure, and, in a measure an agreeable one if only for the novelty of the treatment. Instead of this a repulsive, conniving scoundrel, Mike McClutchey, is pushed to the fore and practically carries the burthen of the play. Not that it is devoid of sentiment at all, nor that there is not any amount of it. An Irish play without humor and pathos, happily blended, would be a total disappointment. The drama is full of both from the rise to the fall of the curtain, and strong situations and dramatic climaxes gracefully and naturally worked up to, abound in a generous profusion."

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser will give a dramatic recital in Association Hall, Tuesday evening, November 4. After an absence of three months, Mr. Kleiser returns from New York where he has been studying with the eminent elocutionist, Charles Roberts.

DRAMATIC NOTES

Fanny Davenport's production of Cleopatra will, it is said, cost $40,000 and require the services of 150 people.

A Chicago paper says: "There is something strange about J. K. Emmet. He cannot sing; he cannot dance; he cannot act; but he can sit on the floor and play with a baby or a St. Bernard dog, and crowds will come to see him do it."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
And I often sit and think
How I'd love, like you, to twink."

The drama formed from Dumas' novel, The Clemenceau Case, was tried at the Park Theater, Boston, last week. The unsavory reputation of the piece attracted a large male audience, but next day the aldermen of the city revoked the license of the theater. It was a case of grasping at too much license and losing it all.

Jerome K. Jerome, who three years ago was comparatively unheard of, is to-day one of the most successful of British dramatists. With the production of New Lamps for Old, in New York, he established the almost unprecented record of having four of his works played at the same time. The others are The Master of Woodbarrow, Sunset, and, What Women Will Do.

James Owen O'Connor, tragedian, seems still to be having uphill work in his profession. It is reported that he recently appeared to a Syracuse audience and said. "If you have no respect for me, respect your mayor," but his remarks were lost in a shower of tomatoes, deceased cats, and decayed eggs. Either the people of Syracuse are a hard lot or James has mistaken his calling.

It is almost impossible for the actor to satisfy himself, or live in anything like a contented mind, even in the possession of a fortune, outside of his professional calling. Louis Aldrich exemplifies such a condition. After several years of retirement, with an ample fortune to enjoy himself with this world's goods, he returns to his first love, happy in the relief its labors afford. His newest venture is a comedy entitled The Editor.

The phenomenal success of L'Enfant Prodigue in Paris, calls attention to the fact that the interest in a play lies more in the action than in the words. In this the Parisians have a play of serious domestic interest played entirely in pantomime. It is not a comic production; indeed, its pathetic moments are said to be its best moments. Tears are drawn from the *boulevardiers* at the Bouffes-Parisiennes by the graphic emotion in this poetic dumb-show.

A friend of Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, who lately spent an afternoon with him, makes this interesting summary: "He says more kindly things than bitter, and while his imagination and his thoughts are perhaps higher than those of some others, yet he treats even those features of the stage which he despises with a courtesy which he feels due to other members of the craft wherein he has raised himself so high. Anyhow, there was a smile on his face when he apologized for some of the attributes of the drama, or rather of the stage. And, talking of the way he smiled, one may perhaps without fault remark that, though not a handsome man as some judge beauty, no one could call Lawrence Barrett plain who sat with him through any sort of a conversation. His charming flow of language—unstilted, unpedantic—is more than enlivened by the expression of his face, which speaks almost every sentence in itself. Then he dresses in very good style, though unpretentiously, and with that lorgish gray hair of his and those black eyes and the clean-shaven face, even in a plain, black reefer suit, he is a man one would turn around to look after. Of himself Mr. Barrett has little to say, and save for the fact that he will again take the boards with Mr. Booth in a few weeks has nothing of the shop to tell which affects him personally. Happily he is more than recovered from his past illness; in fact, he says he has never felt better in his life, never fitter, never healthier. His recital of the manner in which his malady grew upon him is pathetic. 'I had long hoped for rest,' he said, 'for escape from worry and drudgery, but I had never thought of rest away from the stage. I had hoped that after working and working, through years and fortunes good and bad, I would eventually reach that plane which, you know, is every actor's ambition. That is that I could pursue my vocation on the reputation I had built for myself, and feel that the public trusted me, and be able to go along easily in my calling without having to undergo all the worriment and often not financial embarrassment which has to be overcome. The time was coming nearer and nearer to me. My ambition was almost within my grasp and I felt myself breaking down—breaking down from overwork and worriment. My ailment was nothing but the result of nervous prostration. The race was, would the break come or would I reach the rest that would save me first? The break came. Ah! I can't tell you in words what it was to me. The mental torture, the distress, the obliteration of all the foundations my poor hopes were based upon. For a fortnight—but as you know, I recovered. They told me I would be all right with rest. Rest was all I wanted. Rest I must have. It was like lifting up the mass which is crushing the breath out of a fallen man. All my hopes come back again like sunshine'and—well, now you see I'm only 50 and I don't think I ever felt better than I do to-day."

Trinity Talk.

The sub-committees for the convocation dinner, which comes off about the 28th of the month, have been chosen and are busily engaged making the preliminary arrangements for this old time college gathering which does so much to keep up the good fellowship between student and graduate.

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Mr. S. H. Clark will continue his elocution lectures to the Divinity class during the term.

•

Mr. Orr is acting curator during Mr. Garrett's absence, whose arrival, however, is expected shortly, when Mr. Orr will be relieved of his arduous duties.

•

Mr. J. Graham Abbott has been appointed business manager of the Trinity Glee Club, which has just been organized on an entirely new basis. Mr. Abbott has always been greatly interested in the Glee Club, and though not himself an active member, has been of great assistance in many ways. He is now actively engaged beating up recruits among the freshmen, and from the results already obtained things look most promising, and no doubt by the time of the convocation dinner some pretty glees will have been learned. CÆCUS.

A Letter Which Never Went.

People who think the country is progressing at a gallop never visit the rural hamlets. I was in a small village in New Hampshire the other week, when a woman came into the post office, which was in the back end of a general store. She had a letter in her hand marked: "In haste."

"Mr. Stubbs," she said to the postmaster, "won't a cent carry this letter?"

"No, Mrs. Judy."

"Is postage stamps down any?"

"Just the same."

"Will you lick on the stamp?"

"Yes'm."

"It's a letter I've writ to my sister in Massachusetts."

"Yes'm."

"There ain't no money in it."

"No'm."

"It's jest fam'ly news, you know."

"Very well."

"Didn't know but it might git open, and so I used paste to stick it."

"Yes'm."

"When will it go out?"

"In the morning."

"And when'll she get it?"

"In two days."

"Will you warrant it?"

"Can't do that, Mrs. Judy."

"You can't! Then what's the use o' my sending it? That's what I told 'em when you was appointed postmaster. I says: 'Will Jim Stubbs, who once beat my husband out of a load of hay, warrant our mail to be all wool and a yard wide, or will the colors run on us and the dye crock?' That's what I asked, Jim Stubbs, and nobody has answered me yit."

"Do you wish to send your letter, Mrs. Judy?"

"No! I don't take no chances. She might git it, and then agin she mightn't. Samuel is goin' down that way in the spring and he can take it hiself, and two cents don't grow on every bush, Jim Stubbs!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Uses Of The Bell.

"This bell," said a wellmeaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the Lord Bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamities."—*London Figaro.*

Woman Rules

For Saturday Night.

We'd read all our fairy tales, Bessie and I,
And the deeds of each chivalrous knight,
Had wandered entranced 'neath an emerald sky
In that world of unfading delight.

Their castles enchanted we tread undismayed,
Though baron or ogre defends,
And rescue the maidens bewitched or betrayed
And restore them again to their friends.

And oh! those bad barons, so cunning and bold,
How Bessie and I would berate;
And here I may say, though I'm fifty years old,
That Bess, my companion, is but eight.

So having re-read our last page with a sigh
And exhausted our fairy-land lore,
I said to sweet Bess "to the city I'll hie
And increase our delectable store.

"Now tell me the name of the volume you crave,
Hans Andersen's, Carroll's or Grimm's.
Say, what shall it be Bessie, merry or grave
Or a book filled with phantasy's whims!"

Said Bess, "I love Andersen, Carroll's are dreams.
A story from either beguiles.
But bring me a volume of chocolate creams,
Also gems from the caramel isles."

R. CROOKENDEN.

Time Teaches All.

For Saturday Night.

Time teaches all. We never know
What breeze across our path may blow,
And all life's footprints traced behind,
Leave viewless even as were we blind.

Time teaches all. Some summer day
We tread on air. Across our way
Bef.re the sky has changed its hue,
A shadow falls, a brighter blue.

We live. We move. We act our part.
We learn to think we know our heart.
The morning dawns, we doubt no more.
The clouds had never broke before.

Ah! life were long and death were late
If somewhere down the path we tread,
Untaught by rule, unbound by ties,
We learned no lesson from Love's eyes
Before being numbered with the dead.

WALTER H. DERMOT.

Lives and Roses.

For Saturday Night.

When rosebud petals keep
Within the folding rind,
Their tender beauties sleep
Secure from every wind.
So sleeps the heart of youth,
Lock'd in the sweet embraces
Of innocence and truth,
Protected by their graces.

When wanton petals cast
Their riches in the air,
They fade and leave at last
The stalk bereft and bare.
So round a wanton life
In dropping sorrow roll,
Strips by sin's stormy stripe,
The petals of the soul.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

A Strange Tale.

She jilted me and scorned my suit,
A maid of summers twenty,
A fair coquette with roguish eyes
Who had of lovers plenty.

I burned my ships and rushed away
And vowed that I'd forget her
And once again as happy be
As if I'd never met her.

Though years and years have passed since then,
Though I've had sweethearts plenty,
My earliest ideal love
To me still seems but twenty.

And strange to say when yesterday
I met this maid and told her
My foolish fancy, she but frowned
And claimed to be no older.

P. MCARTHUR in *Munsey's Weekly.*

The Dream Maiden.

The Dream Maiden came and gazed in my face,
And sang a melody soft and low,
That charmed my soul with its rhythmic grace,
And my spirit dwelt on its ebb and flow,
In a trance of ecstacy.

Oh! her face was fair and fair to see,
With a soft and slumbrous grace replete;
Her beautiful eyes had a witchery,
And her voice was wondrous, soft and sweet
As she sang of love to me.

Her fair sweet mouth with its tender curves
Touched lightly mine in my slumber deep—
But no mortal such waking bliss deserves—
In a breath she had gone and left me to weep,
Led away by her sister Sleep.

New York Mercury.

My Neighbor Jim.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief, supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Esquimaux."

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm—
Is broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old;
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.

Noted People.

Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia has offered to purchase the strip of land at Stratford-on-Avon on which his handsome memorial fountain stands.

Louise Lawson is the sculptress who has been selected by the letter-carriers of the United States to execute a statue of the late Congressman Samuel S. Cox.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, whose success in winning the Sargent prize at the close of her studies at the Harvard Annex has made her name well known, has become literary editor of he Boston Daily Advertiser.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, The Light of the World, is written in blank verse, with lyrical interpolations, and is arranged in six books. The author states his purpose to be "to convert Christians to Christianity."

Like many another wise elderly man, Francis Parkman, the historian, has taken to gardening, and is as successful at it as was Evelyn, and is particularly fond of roses. He is writing again, having in a great measure recovered his health.

King Leopold of Belgium, who had a three week's celebration at Namur of his birthday, is described as a long man with a long nose and a long beard—handsome enough in a hawklike fashion—and a king who, having nothing to do, does it with admirable grace.

Victor Emmanuel, the heir-apparent to the crown of Italy, assumed a fictitious title while travelling in Russia and Germany not long ago. The title happened to belong by heredity to an impecunious Italian, who has now sued the prince for compensation for its use.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, lives in a picturesque old house at Oxford, England, with her married sister, Mrs. Newcomb. Miss Broughton is a sprightly and entertaining companion, and the sisters receive many distinguished and agreeable guests in their beautiful flower-filled drawing-room.

A Mohammedan young woman has just closed her medical studies in Odessa with a brilliant examination. Her name is Kutlo-jaroff Hanum. She is the first Mohammedan woman who has received an M.D.'s diploma, and the state has granted her special permission to practice her profession.

The living descendants of Queen Victoria already number half a hundred. They include sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, great grandsons and great granddaughters. Besides these she has four sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, five grandsons-in-law, and one granddaughter-in-law.

The inventor of the gatling gun, Dr. Gatling of Hartford, Conn., is constantly busy with plans and new inventions, though he is now quite an old man. He has a handsome residence on Charter Oak Hill, and there is a large workshop on his grounds where he spends a part of nearly every day with his diagrams and tools.

Miss Flora Grace, of Iowa, whose name suggests rather the æsthetic than the practical, is the inventor of a cooking thermometer, which, instead of registering summer heat, blood heat, and freezing point, marks the boiling point for meat, the gently simmering altitude, and the varying baking points for meats, bread, cake, and pies.

Miss Grace H. Dodge, ex-School Commissioner of New York, and Miss Clara de Graffenreid, clerk to the United States Commission of Labor, who took half of Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler's prize for the best essay on child-labor, have been making a two months' journey together in Europe to investigate the conditions and hardships of the working girl, with a view to their amelioration.

Kate Field has been examining some statistics furnished her by the Chicago board of pharmacy, and finds, to her horror, that American women spend sixty-two million dollars a year for cosmetics, most of which are made of zinc, oxide, mercury, and other poisons. This leads her to ask this pertinent question: "How can women vain enough to paint and dye their hair bring forth children stalwart enough to resist temptations that lead to all manner of vice."

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, had a great day at the Welsh Eifteddiod recently, she was admitted into the Bardic Circle, initiated into the mysteries of Welsh bardism, and invested with the blue ribbon of the order by a venerable archdruid. Later, when the victorious bard was crowned, she laid her hand with those of the other bards upon a gleaming sword held by the archdruid, whereat the multitude assembled shouted and danced with joy. The queen went through the whole proceedings with zest, and listened with apparent interest to the singing of many Welsh poems.

Miss Margaret Blanche Best of Meadville, Pa., who, after Byron, awoke one morning to find herself famous, because she had taken the Sargent prize for physical symmetry, is a modest, quiet, serious-minded young women of twenty-five, who is much annoyed at the publicity so suddenly forced upon her. She is a graduate of La Salle College, Auburndale, Mass., where especial attention is given to physical culture, and where she developed a rather spindling and unsymmetrical figure into the firm, muscular, and well-balanced frame, which, measured by Professor Sargent's charts, comes within seventeen per cent. of absolute perfection.

Mr. James Whistler, the artist, is a small, slight man, with dark hair streaked with gray curling all over his head. His blue eyes have a merry twinkle, with a quizzical light in their depths. He has a short, grayish mustache, which he pulls at nervously now and then. He is altogether an uncommon-looking man, and his attire is also bizarre. He looks like a boy in a suit of blue flannel and a turn-down collar on his white linen shirt. In place of an ordinary cravat he wears a dark-blue ribbon tied in a small bow, and on his head is a narrow brim straw sailor hat, perched very much towards his left ear. He talks pithily, and chains one's attention with abundance of pungent small-talk, now and then laughing slyly at his own jokes. In short, Jimmy Whistler is very much like one of his own etchings—picturesque, interesting and quaint.

In Pursuit of Happiness.---No. 7.

THE END.

On Monday morning we started for home, intending to fish down the river and take things easy. After we once got started, like a tired horse when he is near the stable, we, figuratively, broke into a run and Martin even ran the rapids at Miner's Camp, breaking his paddle and taking several chances of going to the bottom. We all ran the rapids just below there and I warrant you it is a great sensation as the canoe sinks in the dip and rises and spins forward on the crest of a wave. We ran the rapids at White Cloud and got to Camp Victoria quite early. We had *cached* some of our things there in a tent, but found them all safe. Nepigon fishermen have a code of honor which would be quite delightful if prevalent in civilization. We had got started for home, and on we went, down Lake Emma, over the Little Flat Rock Portage, to the foot of Pine Portage. I argued in favor of going on and finishing the trip that night, but got sat upon. Everybody but myself fished, but we had no luck, and this was the story of all the fishermen we passed. Bright and early next morning we started away, the Indians wild with excitement to get home. You can hardly make them work going up the river, but, coming back, when in their mind's eye they see their wigwam looming up, they run like race-horses over the portages and paddle like steam engines down the wet. In a marvelously short space of time we had gone through the wide place in the river and were again beneath the shadow of Split Rock; may the wild grandeur of its beauty never fade! Then through Lakes Maria and Jessie, and by one o'clock we were camped at the head of Long Portage. Here we had dinner, and a half a pailful of bean soup, which had been brought from the camp of the night before, was about all the strong provender we had left. We had caught no fish, the pork was done, and bread and soup had to satisfy us. The Indians complained that they couldn't work without something stronger, but there wasn't anything stronger except a bottle of pickles which they got away with in beautiful style. While Pa. was anxiously preparing the soup we arranged amongst ourselves to suggest the addition of a little more water. The Professor approached him on the subject first with the question, "I say Pa., don't you think that soup needs a little more water?" When Pa. was cooking anything he always felt that he knew what he was about and resented any interference.

"Don't bother, Professor," he answered, quite brusquely. "I'm the soup all right."

Then the Genius, after peering into the kettle, said it struck him that the soup ought to have a couple of gallons more water in it. Pa. stared through his glasses and wiped away a tear the smoke had called forth, as he remarked very sweetly, but still with severity: "If I can't cook soup, I will ask somebody to help me."

Tomsing made it convenient shortly afterwards to make a suggestion as to diluting the soup, and Pa., handing him the ladle, told him that if he wanted to cook the soup that he had better bend over it with his eyes full of smoke and stir it and keep it from burning; it would probably keep him from talking so much. Then Riley happened around by the fire and said he felt convinced that the soup was going to be ruined unless a half a pailful of water was added to it at once.

The smoke and the suggestions were making Pa. very red in the face. If I recollect aright he told Riley to mind his own business, that he would eat his share of the soup without any trouble whether it had more water in it or not. I felt very delicate about following up these remarks, and, in order to be away from the hot water which Pa. might be inclined to throw though he had never yet shown any violent temper, I called him to one side and, beneath the cooling shadow of a tree, I ventured to hint that nothing would save that soup but some more water. I forget just what he said, but he looked volumes and I walked rapidly in an opposite direction.

It was wonderful how those fellows got the stuff over the Long portage. Riley, the Professor, Pa. and I followed them across. It was threatening rain, and when the portage was passed and the other men went down the little creek we who were to walk across the remaining stretch so that the canoes could run the rapids above Camp Alexander told Joe and Paul to be sure and report to us across the lower pool as soon as possible, that we were going down the river and Lake Helen to Nepigon that night, no matter what happened. Tomsing and the Genius were fishing below Cameron Falls and expected to meet their canoe at the mouth of the creek. The wind was blowing, the air was full of that raw mist which is so penetrating and chilling. Joe and Paul reported promptly. We went over to Camp Alexander and waited a few minutes for the other canoe, but it came not. The water was rough and Lake Helen would be dangerous, but we had the home fever on us and with four passengers in the canoe besides the Indians, six heavy men in all, and half of the baggage, we started down the river leaving a note at the landing for the others to follow us and not attempt to camp.

That trip was exactly the sort of a thing that I don't like. Our overcoats were in the other canoe. Pa. had an oilcloth so he lent me his umbrella and an Indian rubber blanket beneath which Riley and I crouched in the most unnatural position possible, the canoe being too heavily laden to permit of us sitting like human beings. Pa. and the Professor did the best they could and suffered a good deal and assisted by Riley, sang. I can't say that it cheered me any. They sing very fairly, but not well enough for a wet day in a canoe.

By the time we got to the mouth of the river where our Indian encampment was, the rain was pouring softly down and the photograph I had promised to take was abandoned. A long marshy point covered with rushes separates the river from the south and western arm of the lake. If we followed the river to its mouth and then beat back along the lake, the chances were we would be upset, so Joe paddled through the reeds, we occasionally seizing the overhanging bushes and helping him along by pulling while Paul poled in the mud behind. The channel became still shallower and the cattails hung over us, brushing our faces and pouring little streams of water down the back of our necks. As we approached the lake the swell emptied a pailful of water now and then on our laps, while the rain continued to provide moisture from above. I was mighty glad when we got out of that rush-covered mud-hole, but only for a few minutes. The canoe was loaded almost to the gunwales, and the first big wave poured peacefully down my boot leg. There was nothing pleasant about the prospect, though I was somewhat diverted by the sternness of Pa.'s countenance and the Mark Tapley-humor which began to enliven the Professor's conversation. The Professor was a good deal of a brick. He never had very much to say, but he was invariably good-humored, and when everyone else was tired out he was on hand to make things pleasant. I like that kind of a man. Riley said he wasn't afraid. I suspected Riley on that account and I admit that I was afraid. A canoe loaded like that has no business on a lake. Moreover, I know I have no business in such a canoe; if it got swamped I couldn't swim, and there was plenty of time while we were crossing that four miles of shallow and easily agitated water for a storm to rise and send us all to the bottom. However, Joe struck for the shore and we suffered nothing except an occasional splash of water.

When we landed I was happy. Our goods were piled under the canoe and we struck for the Taylor House in the village and supper. It was then about half past seven, and, oh, such a dark and miserable evening. We had been straining our eyes for our companions and sorrowed because they came not. At the hotel we expected to find comfort, but there had been a big picnic there from Port Arthur and things were red hot. A number of visiting gentlemen were standing on the platform at the railway station inviting the occupants of the hotel to come over and have the tar, liver and other ailments knocked out of them. The bar-room was shut up, the proprietor of the hotel seemed anxious to go to bed and wasn't quite sure that he could give us anything to eat. We got something, and a very good supper it was, too, for, considering its remoteness from civilization, the Taylor House is no scrub of a place and ranks ahead of the best hotels in many larger places. After we had eaten and were feeling better, one of the visitors, who was wearing a very large jag, demanded his supper. This brought out the landlady, a muscular lady, whose patience had been exhausted. She collared the gentleman from Port Arthur and wanted to know whether he was going out, or whether she would have to throw him out. With a meekness I hardly expected, he admitted that he was going out—and at once. As several other partially inebriated persons were hanging about, she proceeded to admonish the whole house, making several scathing references to Taylor in the meantime. This stirred up the landlord, and he went out and offered to fight anything in the village, an offer which, somewhat to our disappointment, was not accepted.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the most woe begone procession that ever arrived at a western hostelry besought admission to the Taylor House. At its head was the gentleman who has been known in this history as Tomsing. He was wet and chilled; his hair was plastered to the back of his neck and his beard adhered to the front portion thereof. Behind him stood the Genius in the last stages of lumbago. It was pitiful to see those two men who had stayed behind to redeem an unfortunate week by catching a couple of score fish more than their companions, as they entered and threw down a little basket, in which four little measly trout were half swimming in the water which had leaked in on them. The big burly Martin was a savage as a meat axe. He had been rowing with nothing on him but a ragged shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, and these stuck to his body as tightly as his skin. Standing still a moment had permitted him to chill and the poor devil was shivering. Behind him again stood Wabash or "Oar Drifting on the Water," and no one would have given a half a dollar for his chances of living over night. I made haste to order supper for them, but the landlord stated that it was impossible. After having fed so many people, the ladies of his household were weary and had gone to bed. Tomsing turning, stared hopelessly at the Genius and nearly fell down in a fit. He had not had anything since Pa.'s soap at one o'clock, and the Genius with a groan sank into a chair. We at once protested that there had to be some supper got, that money was no object, we could get it ourselves if he would show us where the stuff was. But the landlord was having a firm fit. He had recently been taunted with indecision of character and he was on his first brace, determined to show that he was going to boss that house or break a leg. If I had the picture of the misery on the faces of Tomsing and the Genius it would be worth money to a patent medicine man as one of his "before-taking" cuts. The bartender finally relented and supper was prepared.

Next day the party dispersed. Pa. and the Professor came to Toronto, the Genius went west, Riley, Tomsing and I went to Port Arthur to wait for our steamer, and our fishing trip was over.

It was a bad year both as to weather and the catch, but we had a happy time with less miseries I am sure than we would have found had we gone to the sea shore. At Port Arthur Tomsing, and Riley and I had some fun in a quiet way, exploring the country thereabouts, and some time I shall tell about our trip to Kakabeka falls which was the funniest, dismallest, and altogether most unique experience I have had for several summers. But it does not belong to our pursuit of happiness as a party. We are together no more, but the memory of the little company about our camp fire shall never die. There is not the recollection of a cross word or of cross purposes of any sort to mar the pleasure of our fifteen days in camp or of the week spent going and coming. To Tomsing, who induced me to go, who was everybody's friend, who accomplished more than any other man in the subduing of a strong personality in order to smoothen the path of the party and to equalize the peculiarities of individuals, I believe the greatest credit is due, and for him I reserve this last hand-clasp as we say good-bye.

DON.

'Varsity Chat.

The first meeting of the Medical Society for this session was held in the Biological building last week and was a decided success. The "Sawbones" know how to applaud and encourage those addressing them, and during the meeting much enthusiasm prevailed. Prof. R. Ramsay Wright gave an excellent account of medical education and studies in Paris. The system of co-education is there in vogue. The women, who are chiefly Russians and Eastern women, are in the habit of carrying explosives which are liable to cause destruction at any moment. The president of the society, Dr. John Ferguson, is deservedly popular and his address on "Our Profession" was both learned and practical. Dr. Ferguson is persistent in his efforts on behalf of the society, and it was no surprise to hear Dr. W. T. Aikins, dean of the Medical Faculty, say that the president of the society clung to a good thing with indomitable Scotch energy.

A number of medical students will take part in a concert at Orangeville on the evening of Thanksgiving day.

Mr. W. F. Seymour, B.A., fellow in physics, and Mr. W. C. P. Bremner, B.A., fellow in modern languages, are now thoroughly into harness and are working for the success of the students.

Mr. T. A. Gibson, B.A., is now the recognized head of the Literary and Scientific Society in place of Mr. L. P. Duff, B.A., LL.B., resigned. Mr. Gibson is a classical man, though he was also a general proficiency student when an undergraduate.

Mr. E. W. Schuch has been re-appointed leader of the Glee Club and Mr. D. Donald president. The club is consequently almost surpassing itself. Wherever the boys go "a-singing" they are greeted with applause and plied with refreshments. The club has always been popular among the students and elsewhere.

Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., has been appointed to the fellowship in political science. He graduated in this department last spring with honors, and has recently been awarded the Ramsay scholarship for an essay on the "History of Canadian Currency and Banking." The scholarship amounts to $60. The new fellow has also given another indication that he has a capacity for hard work and a fondness for original research. Last year he wrote a pamphlet entitled the "Ontario Township," which contained a history of municipal government in the Province of Ontario. The senate ought to employ Mr. McEvoy for a period of years to search out reasons why two degrees should, at the University, be practically granted on one course. A man who takes the political science course can get the LL.B., degree by passing one more examination after he gets his B. A. If a student gets his B. A. on any course except political science and he wishes to obtain the LL.B. degree he must take the political science work and the final LL.B. examination. A man, as it were, has to take his B. A. a second time if he wishes to obtain the LL.B. and did not at first take political science. The plan is worthy of much consideration.

The political science seminaries have again been resumed under the management of Prof. Ashley. Mr. A. W. Briggs and Mr. W. E. Buckingham will, at the next meeting, read papers on "Ideal Commonwealths."

The library will not be open for some time yet, as all the books have not been shelved. The recently added storey to the old School of Practical Science will be used as reading rooms.

Mr. J. McGowan, B. A., is the president of the Mathematical and Physical Society this year.

It may have been as a joke; however, it is a fact that on the programme for the first regular meeting of the Wycliffe College Literary Society for this session, a debate on the verdict in the Birchall trial was announced. As a general rule, anything will do for a subject of discussion, but in this instance the students murmured as if in great agony. Their groans increased until the subject for debate was changed; then there was joy among the boys once more.

As I write, the time for holding the annual 'Varsity games approaches, and of them more anon.

DRAX ALEEN.

A Gentle Hint.

Grandma (to young hopeful who has been an hour with her, and has not yet received an invitation to partake)—Dordie, what did your mother tell you just before you left home?

Dordie—Danms, the lass thing she said to me was, "Dord, my child, be careful an' don't eat too much pie."

The pie was soon forthcoming.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ready To Dye.

He came in the barber's in such a dreadful state of nervousness that the barber locked up the razor.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, holding a whetstone behind him in case of any outbreak.

"Why," he answered, in an agitated whisper, "I have just noticed my hair is turning gray."

"Oh, that's nothing."

"Yes, not much to you perhaps, but I feel that bad about it I'm ready to dye."—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Opera and the Theater.

The season now being opened the only proper dress is the full dress suit. As to dress at dramatic performances the lines are not so closely drawn. The full dress suit is distinctly the evening dress and should never be worn before the evening dinner. It can be worn anywhere in the evening and must be worn on all occasions of formal ceremony, such as weddings, parties, dinners, receptions and other occasions whose formal character is indicated by a formal invitation and where social amenities are at their highest. A full dress suit should not be worn during the day on any occasion whatever, but during the evening it may be worn whenever and wherever the wearer likes, and for formal occasions it is absolutely requisite. The material should be of fine black worsted, either of very narrow diagonal or of fine wales running nearly straight across the web, is the proper material for coat, trousers and vest; or if desired, the latter may be of white or black silk. Recent attempts to introduce coats of blue or other colors, with light trousers, have not been accepted in society, and black still remains the distinctive color for evening dress. Having received a full line of dress suitings with fancy evening dress vestings, I would call attention to my patrons and the public generally. Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionable West-End Tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

A Rude Witness.

☞ Rev. Mr. Thostle (finishing an extempore marriage service)—An' now whad d' Lawd's jined t'gedder luff nuffin spread asundah!

Mr. Gaines (the bridegroom)—Dar goes dat Bull Run a stretchin' hisself agin.—*Judge.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

WARNINGS.

The little gypsy flitted on, and Cedric followed wondering. The whole scene was so dream like that he hardly felt surprised at the summons he had received; and as he passed through rooms, thronged with the gay incongruous dresses of the assembled crowd of masquerade, he wondered who his little guide could be, and failed to identify her with anyone.

She was not tall enough for Mildred or Cicely, the dark eyes that had looked into his were more like Marjorie's than anyone's that he could think of, but this was not Marjorie's walk, nor had the voice been here. He was completely at fault, and let himself be led away with a notion as to what was coming.

"Whither away so fast, Sir Knight!" said a gay voice behind. He knew it for Patricia's, and turned with a smile and a bow to greet the gorgeous creature who was clad in robes that would have disgraced Cleopatra herself.

"I am about to have my fortune told," said Cedric, "and we want no eavesdroppers to hear the secrets of fate. Come, my Gypsy Queen, will you not tell this lady her fortune too?"

"Gladly, if she will cross her palm with silver," was the ready response, and Patricia, laughing, drew off her glove, and gave the girl a silver coin, which she took with a curtsey that was wonderfully natural.

"Patricia's fortune was the most common-place in its prosperous promise—health, wealth, a handsome husband, a long life. She laughed as she heard the platitudes from the girl's lips.

After that, Sir Lohengrin, I think you need not betake yourself to solitude to hear your fate."

Cedric laughed, and gave the girl his hand. She looked at it, and began fluently; but after a few minutes she faltered, hesitated, and finally came to a dead stop.

"Come, child," laughed Patricia, "at fault already!"

"No, it is not that—it is all too plain—but it is so dreadful," and she shuddered.

"You little goose! You need not be afraid. Let us hear, at least, what it is."

"I am not likely to be the worse off for knowing," added Cedric, amused. "And you know forewarned is forearmed."

"Ah, but this is the right hand—you cannot overcome that," said the gipsy; and it was difficult to get her to speak out; but at last she said, in a low, hurried tone, scanning the lines of Cedric's hand all the time, "I see blood there—your blood and another's—there is the shadow of death over all, but not your death—a worse horror hangs over you—I cannot tell what it is. The line of love crosses the line of life there—but it is all so strange. I cannot read it aright. You will be married, and there is happiness for you beyond—but there is a black, black shadow there—a shadow more cruel than death."

Her manner was so earnest that for a moment both her hearers were impressed; but after she had slipped away, with an imploring sign for Cedric to follow her, which was answered by a sign of assent, the two friends looked at one another and laughed.

"Who is the little witch?"

"I have not an idea."

"She knows the tricks of her trade at least, and I should say believes in its verities. What is there so strange in your hand, Cedric?"

"I do not know. I rather suspect it is because I broke some glass into it in the days of my youth, and scarred it so that it has always been oddly seamed ever since."

And then they both laughed. Patricia's cavalier came hurrying up with an ice, and Cedric bowed and passed on down the corridor in search of the gipsy. He found her in the little ante-room where he had left his friar's dress. She looked up as he came in, and then closed the door and set her back against it.

"You are Lord Mervyn's friend are you not?"

"I hope so, certainly."

"You have influence with him then?"

"Influence of a kind, I believe."

"Would you use it to save him from danger?"

"To be sure I would."

"Then warn him to be careful what he does. Tell him he has enemies whom he does not perhaps suspect. Tell him he should not be out after dark in lonely places. Tell the people ask him to meet them not to go. Tell him to be careful how he pursues his plans. He is careless, he is bold, he dares, never thinks of danger. But it is there all the same: and if you love him, warn him."

And with that the little gypsy turned, opened the door and glide out. By the time Cedric had recovered from the surprise occasioned by her words and actions, and had tried to follow to recall her, she had disappeared and was nowhere to be seen.

"Now is it all a piece of masquerading foolery, or did she mean anything?" questioned Cedric as he locked the door and proceeded to cover his white dress with the coarse friar's robe. "It's so difficult to tell at an affair like this. She seemed in earnest, but she overdid it a little. If she'd satisfied herself with Mervyn's danger, or with mine singly, it might have carried weight; but to the pair of us combined seemed some mysterious peril, it is just a little too much! Still I'll tell Mervyn, of course. Not that he will give it a second thought. Everyone knows he is stirring up ill-will in many quarters. But he is a fine fellow to do all so unflinchingly. It would not be himself to take any notice of a warning, though, if he knew one knows how. Most likely the whole thing is part of a bit of character playing," and Cedric's thoughts went back to Corona, and the happy hour awaiting him.

In his friar's dress he was confident he could defy detection. His height, though above the average, was nothing to be very extraordinary in a very large company, and the stiff wide folds of the big robe rather detracted from it, besides giving him the appearance of greater robustness.

Bowing his shoulders slightly, and adopting a long striding step, singularly unlike his own, Cedric made his way back to the ballroom.

Corona had been dancing again, but was now beside her guardian, and when the melancholy friar appeared as a partner for the next dance, she looked half disposed to deny him; but the sage did not seem to regard her refusal as possible.

"You will find me in the portrait gallery when you have finished your dance," he said, and then the clumsy looking friar and the fair girl in glowing white robes moved towards the dancers as if about to join them.

"He's gone already—oh, I'm so glad!" whispered the little attendant sprite. "Now we can go somewhere by ourselves and have a long time. Oh, Cedric, how funny you do look! I'm sure nobody could ever know you now!"

"Hush!" whispered Corona, still with a cautious look round. "Somebody might hear you, Maidie. Cedric, where are we going?"

"Somewhere where we shall be almost if not quite alone. I have to talk to you. Ah, Corona, how I have waited for this hour!"

Maidie, following at a discreet distance, and catching a word now and then, could not help thinking that it must be nice to have such a brave, handsome lover as Cedric, and wondered dreamily whether when she grew up she should ever find anyone to love her as well and as tenderly.

Cedric led them through the long conservatory to a dome-like place at the end to which few of the dancers penetrated. Beyond that again, round an angle of the house, lay a sort of glared, cloistered walk, into which from time to time isolated couples strayed, especially amongst those who had preferred wandering about to dancing, and had found their way in by the door from the great hall.

There was a fountain, with gold fish in the midst; and Maidie perched herself upon the marble rim. She was still sight of the lovers, and could command a pretty good view all round. If she caught a glimpse of the astrologer's robe she was to give the alarm instantly. As for other people, they did not count. They might come and go as they would. There were not many who strayed into this cool, dim place; and those who did took no notice of the friar and the white robed lady. The only person who stayed any time was a lad in a page's dress, who seemed too young to care for dancing, and was examining with great attention the various rare shrubs that the place contained, taking notes of them in a book he carried, very much Maidie thought, as if he was going up for some examination in botany shortly.

"Corona," said Cedric, after a few minutes had been spent in the great satisfaction of being together again unsuspected and unobserved, "I find it is no good to go on like this. I cannot live without seeing you sometimes. Must be somewhere nearer—somewhere where I feel I can watch over you, and can be assured from day to day of your welfare. It is useless to both to go on like this. You feel it as much as I do—is it not so?"

"Yes, Cedric. It is very hard; but I can see no way out of it."

"You still think that I must not apply to your guardian openly?"

"I know what the answer would be—and that we should never be allowed to meet again."

"That is exactly Mervyn's impression; and I always trust his judgment. Well, Corona, if that cannot be, I am still resolved not to be entirely baulked. I will circumvent that old reprobate yet. I will see you sometimes, my darling."

"Oh, Cedric—how?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. You know that house nearest to yours—the one with the green venetian blinds, and the little garden with rose bushes in it?"

"Yes. Mrs. Harrison lives there. She does needlework sometimes for Maidie and me."

"Does she? So much the better. We may make use of that by and by. Well you know she is a widow, and she lets lodgings when she can get a lodger."

"Yes."

"Well, I intend to take her rooms, and to spend one or two days there every week at least."

"Oh, Cedric—won't that look odd?"

"I do not see exactly why it should. You know my position at home is decidedly anomalous. I am only there so to speak on sufferance; and it would not be the only time I had been forced to get a place for myself elsewhere. Mr. Vansittart is in the least likely to know anything about it, I shall tell Mrs. Harrison not to speak of it. I shall not let any one know myself, and in fact no one need be aware of it but our two selves."

"But Cedric, what can we do? We cannot meet."

"No, not exactly; but we can encounter each other from time to time upon the sands or elsewhere. We can make a kind of system of signals, and at last I shall know that you are well, my darling, and I shall see you from day to day, and if things are absolutely desperate at any time, you can risk something to give me a hint."

"But Cedric, it would be no use. The deaf and dumb man, Mr. Vansittart's servant, would see you. He would know the signalling understand. It would betray everything."

Cedric smiled beneath his mask.

"I Love thought of all that, Corona. I shall take care to avoid that danger."

"Have you! But how?"

"When you go out on your walks you must not look for a man much like me, Corona, but for a rough, red-haired fellow, who will slouch in his walk and touch his hat to the ladies as they go by. I shall have a disguise at the cottage all ready, and when I go out to meet you I shall make the necessary change in some quiet spot on the sea shore, and not even clever Mr. Vansittart will suspect that Cedric Musgrave and the Jack Tar ashore are one and the same. Perhaps some day I may be able to take you out in a boat."

But at that Corona shook her head, though it was a source of great comfort to feel that her lover would be near her. Filled as she was with vague terrors that she could not put into words, the idea of meeting him even in this strange fashion was inexpressibly soothing. She would have the feeling that he was near her—that he was watching over her in her loneliness and isolation. At the worst, as he had said, she might even see some risk to ward off coming in; there were possibilities connected with that door upon the sands of which she hardly liked to let herself dream.

"Oh, Cedric, how good you are to think so much of me."

"Of myself, Corona, for are you not a part of very life?"

"But you will run no risks? You will get into no danger! Promise me, Cedric!"

"For your sake alone, my darling. I shall use all caution. Remember that I do not as often near you, and always on the watch."

"Oh, Cedric, it is such a happy thought. We are so lonely; but it will not seem lonely now. When shall you go?"

"As soon as the first breeze at home gives reasonable color to my seeking quarters elsewhere. And that will not be long in coming, you may be sure."

"Do not anger your father for my sake."

"No; but under present circumstances the peace cannot last very long. The next fresh grievance with Eagle's Crag—and my friendship for Mervyn will be a capital offence."

But time was too precious to be lost in talk like this. Lovers' vows must ever be exchanged. Cedric pressed to his lips the hand he held, and told her again of his love, and she responded in her sweet, trusting way, whilst Maidie sat beside the fountain, and wondered whether the dainty page boy was enjoying the lover-like scene.

He was almost near enough to catch some of the impassioned tones of the vows that she could doubt that a pretty little idyll was being erected in that secluded corner; but as he could not know the people concerned, and as the same kind of thing was going on elsewhere, Maidie did not see that it greatly mattered. Even when the friar rose at last, and folded his arms round the fair form of his betrothed, she only made a slight warning gesture. The page was strolling away at that time, however, and the lovers finished their embrace in peace.

Had Maidie taken the trouble to follow that harmless looking page boy she might have had cause to change her opinion of his innocence.

Quietly wandering down the cloistered walk now almost deserted, he came to a door which led to a small dark closet-room, where tools and so forth were kept in readiness for the gardeners who tended the conservatory plants.

The masked page who passed into that place looked a mere lad, so slight and slim was his figure, so light his jaunty step. But in a few minutes' time there glided out an ancient-looking figure in the robe of an Eastern sage, carrying in his hand a divining rod of quaint appearance.

Cedric Musgrave was not the only man of that gay company who had hit upon the device of a double personality.

CHAPTER V.

THE VANSITTARTS AT HOME.

Mr. Vansittart was particularly bland to his young charges on the way home after the ball. He complimented them both on their graceful dancing, hoped they had enjoyed themselves, and were not over-fatigued, and was disposed to regret that they had left so early, and had missed the unmasking, which was always the crowning point of such an evening.

Corona, however, declared that she was quite ready to leave, that she had enjoyed it very much, but that it was better Maidie should not be up any later. As for Maidie herself, she chatted and laughed, and described the gay dresses and odd combinations almost as if she had forgotten her fears of their guardian.

But Corona was on the alert. Somehow, when Mr. Vansittart was in his blandest mood, she distrusted him the most. She remembered he had been just in this humor when he came to the convent to take her and her little sister away from their secluded, happy home with the good sisters, and cut off all connection with their past life and with all their former friends.

So his questions to her received but languid replies. She leaned back in the carriage as if fatigued, and let her little sister do all the talking. In truth, she wanted silence, in which to indulge her own sweet dreams. She had been with her lover. His kiss seemed still to linger on her lips, she heard the tones of his voice still sounding in her ears, and she longed to recall each word he had spoken, to treasure it up in her heart.

Maidie grew sleepy at length with the movement of the carriage, and the talk had died into silence long before the pair had reached home.

Miss Vansittart was, as usual, sitting up to let them in. Corona shuddered as she stepped across the threshold. She felt, as the saying goes, as if someone had stepped over her grave. The panelled hall looked more dark and grim than ever in the light of one guttering candle, and the countenance of the place worse and more sufficiently grim and sinister, as she stood at the door with a sour look upon her harsh, ill-favored face.

The girls went straight to their room. They could find light and warmth up there, and there was nothing to keep them lingering below.

As soon as the two white figures had vanished up the dark staircase, Mr. Vansittart turned to his own study, which he found bright and warm. He placed the precious divining-rod in a safe, where were many other curious things, locked it carefully, and then sat down in the easy chair beside the fire.

"Well, Pauline," he remarked complacently, as he rubbed his white hands together; "I have found it all out at last."

"Well?"

"We were quite right in our surmise. The girl has a lover—"

"The minx!"

"But, what is more, an accepted lover—a thing we were hardly prepared for."

"The artful hussy; but how is it possible? Accepted, you say?"

"Very decidedly accepted, as you would have seen for yourself had you witnessed the little drama that I did when transformed by your skilful fingers, my dear, into a lad of sixteen or so. Ah! if you could but give me back my youth in reality, as you did so successfully in outward semblance"—and Mr. Vansittart cast aside the magician's robe and stood up in the boyish suit, but without the fair curling hair and the mask, the effect was almost ghastly—the thin, waxen face of age, with lines of cunning and traces of early passions, marred the boy's dress upon the still delicate and shapely figure.

He looked at himself in the mirror with a smile of bitter mockery upon his lips.

"Ah youth, youth, youth! What magic is after all like that of youth—and when we have it we never value it—blind fools that we are—until it has departed for ever."

But his sister had no patience with these words. She brought him back sharply to the point.

"Don't be a fool, Andrew. Tell me about the girl. How can she have an accepted lover when she has not been half-a-dozen times out since these walls—to see people that is—and you always with her!"

"My dear Pauline, I suspect that when I went off to Italy to fetch home our sweet charges, on account of the report that had reached us; I suspect, I say, that I was forming that very gratuitous office of locking the stable door after the horse was stolen."

"Absurd, Andrew! The girls were in a convent."

"Very true, my dear; but the Sister Superior, thought a little harmless pleasure good for them, and the Montpensiers were relatives of her own—naturally she saw no harm."

"I always told you that you left it too long—that you ought to have had them home before."

Mr. Vansittart resumed his seat, and crossed one leg lightly over the other.

"You did, my dear, possibly you may have been right. But you see, I did not want to be troubled with inmates before it was needful. Six months is always ample for any project of mine. Had I had virgin soil to work upon I could have won my point in half the time."

Miss Vansittart started.

"You have a pretty good opinion of yourself; but as a matter of fact, Corona has never even liked you, let alone anything else."

"I am aware of it, and now I understand it. Her affections are elsewhere engaged."

"And to whom?"

"To Cedric Musgrave."

"Not to Lord Mervyn?"

"No."

"But I thought you suspected that they had met abroad?"

"I do so still; but I now suspect that this Cedric Musgrave was Lord Mervyn's secretary, passing under an assumed name on account of the jealousy between the two families. And the hussy out, but it is a very serious thing to discover that the girl is really seriously in love. Corona will not be easily coerced."

Mr. Vansittart was smiling with half-closed eyes. There was something singularly feline about his face at this moment.

"I shall not attempt to coerce her, my dear. She will give up her lover of her own free will."

"Humph!"

"It will be a very pretty process to watch. I am enjoying it already in prospect."

"And when she has given up her lover?"

"Then she will marry me."

Pauline looked at him searchingly.

"You mean to marry—again."

"I do mean to marry—again."

"Nothing else will do, I suppose?"

"No; I am bent upon marriage, firstly because I love Corona, secondly because I want her money, thirdly because I love my money almost more than either. I said from the first I would marry that girl—and I will."

"Well, you will be clever if you do it, if she cares for anyone else."

"Before the right time comes the dear child will have found that her idol is but clay. Corona is not a woman to love where she cannot also trust. Shatter her respect, and the love flies away—and a heart on the rebound is soon caught."

"You may not find it easy to shatter her confidence. Corona is very determined, very self-willed. I should be sorry to stake anything on the chance of subduing her."

Still that calm, crafty smile. Mr. Vansittart did not explain his meaning more plainly, perhaps some of the links in the chain he was forging were still lacking.

"And now Lord Mervyn can come here. It will suit my purpose very well to have him. He is in love with Corona, I am convinced. We will pit one lover against the other!"

Miss Vansittart looked impatient.

"I hate your mysterious way, Andrew. I want to know what you are driving at. What is the use of having Lord Mervyn here? I dislike admitting strangers to the house—there is always the risk of—"

"Pooh, pooh—no risk whatever. Those girls have lived here six months and more and have suspected nothing. Besides if they do, I have an answer ready—and a true one, if that is any satisfaction."

"But Lord Mervyn—"

"Lord Mervyn is rich, Lord Mervyn is possessed of some costly relics that I should greatly like to see transferred to my keeping for good—and then he is in love with Corona. When a man is in love, he is generally a fool."

"Lord Mervyn may be that—I am sure he looks it."

"Then he will be an excellent tool in our hands. I shall be able to try those old studies the magic of the East, I shall be more glad than ever to—"

"Andrew you are a superstitious fool. It is the one thing that shows weakness in your nature. How you can go on dabbling in that nonsense and putting any trust in it, passes my comprehension."

"The limits of that are soon reached, my love."

She turned upon him with an expressive start.

"You will see some of these fine days what it will all come to. I would not betray my weakness to anyone but you."

"Doubtless you would always act with your accustomed sound sense, but you have been debarred from the privilege of liberal education. However, my dear Pauline, we need discuss the subject no further. It meets my purpose that Lord Mervyn should come here, and that he should see Corona from time to time, and thereby inflame his passion. Then in public the cousins will soon appear as rivals, for lovers are keen discerners in their advances than they mean to be, and when the right moment comes, this rivalry will be found very useful in solving a mystery. I think I see my way—I think I have it all."

He did not seem to be speaking so much to his sister as to himself; and devoted as she was to him in all sections, there was often considerable friction in their intercourse. She wanted to be trusted entirely, and his nature would never permit more than half confidence. He knew that she would stand by him, and work for him to the last, but his inherent tone of tormenting impelled him to keep her always in a state of uncertainty. Moreover, the delicate flame of a plot seemed to be lost in the discussion of it. He liked to play with it in solitude, as a dog will gnaw a bone.

"Very pretty—very pretty!" he muttered to himself when he was at last alone. "So you thought to circumvent me, my dear, and you, too, my fine young gentleman. I could not hear all you said. There was a vast deal of confidential talk that not even my ears were blandishment, but I heard a good deal—oh, yes, a good deal. A few were pleasant epithets levelled at the head of the guardian. Well, my fine young knight errant, we shall make you sing to a different tune one of these fine days when——" he paused, and a look of cruel cunning gleamed in his eyes. "Oh, yes, I think I see it all—you will not be quite so ready with your compliments then. You will be glad enough to sue to one whom it has pleased my fair ward to abuse. It is all very fine. I see exactly the face as it will look then. I have not played my part before for nothing, and I am excellent at expert at any game of skill of that description."

About three days after the ball there occurred at the Panelled House one of those trivial events that so often lose consequence out of all proportion to their importance at the moment.

The Vansittarts' house, as may be guessed, was somewhat oddly served, for it bore such a bad name that no ordinary servants would enter its doors, even if any were required.

The old couple who had been for half a century in the service of the family, lived in the lower part of the house, the woman doing the cooking, and the man cleaning knives and boots, filling coal scuttles, and acting as a kind of scullery maid to his wife. Both were crabbed and cross-grained and aged, and never spoke an unnecessary word; and the man never came upstairs on any pretence whatever. The house work was mainly done by Miss Vansittart herself, with aid in the mornings from a half-witted girl who lived in a cottage not far away, and was too idiotic to be afraid either of Miss Vansittart or of the house itself. And in addition to this attractive staff, there was the deaf mute, who was an excellent servant in spite of his peculiarities, and acted as butler and valet and general factotum in an exemplary way.

Drake was devoted to his master's service, much in the same way as a faithful dog, or what one prefers to call a cat, but would watch Mr. Vansittart's eye and obey its unspoken directions almost as if they had been conveyed in the ordinary way. Mr. Vansittart and his little sister cherished at first the idea that Mr. Vansittart was kind to Drake, and they hoped that this was so, as it would have been one redeeming point in an otherwise unlovely character; but one day, shortly after the event just described, a small incident occurred that showed how little consideration he had for his afflicted servant.

It was the rule of the house that tea should be handed in the drawing-room shortly after dinner, but it was made in the room, Drake bringing in a kettle which was boiled up on the hearth, whilst he was by to make the tea, and afterwards to hand it round.

On the day in question an accident occurred; the kettle when just at boiling point, slipped from its swinging position, and Drake springing forward at a sign from his master, received the scalding contents over one hand before he succeeded in holding the kettle.

"Clumsy fellow!" was Mr. Vansittart's cool remark, and although the man was badly burnt, and evidently in extremity of pain, he had to stand and attend to perform his duties exactly as if he were a machine.

Corona's heart swelled within her, and Maidie's eyes grew red as she watched her spoke a word, but when the man left the room they got up and followed.

Surly and suspicious as he had always shown himself, he was still a fellow human creature, and to see him treated worse than a dog was more than they could bear. Corona touched and spoke in that placid manner she had to follow; and after a brief hesitation he obeyed, possibly with an instinct that he should thus get some relief.

Corona had not lived all those years in the convent with the good sisters without learning something of their healing arts; and she had moreover a case containing many of their favorite recipes for ills of various kinds.

With gentle, tender fingers she bound up the raw, scalded hand, and the man's face showed by degrees how much the pain was assuaged.

Speech was denied him, but he looked at the girls in a sort of mute wonderful fashion, of which they would hardly have believed his saturnine face capable. Then taking Corona's hand almost timidly in his, he raised it to his lips.

Corona was touched; she looked earnestly at the man, and for the first time since she had entered the Panelled House, she felt that she had gained a friend beneath its roof.

She little guessed to what that simple act of kindliness would lead.

(To be Continued.)

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. MENCKE OVERREACHES HIMSELF.

Wilhelm Mencke appeared to be considerably elated over the discoveries which he had made that afternoon, when Violet's consciousness of the clouds that were beginning to lower in the sky, had attended the matinee with Mr. Lawrence and Bertha, and, after reaching his miserable room, which was cold, and bare, and dirty, he kindled a fire and then sat down, after which he lifted a loose board in the floor, and drew forth what seemed to be a square package wrapped in thick brown paper.

Taking it to a table, he removed the wrapper and revealed a small box about eight inches square. Opening this he turned its contents upon the paper, and let all the pretty trinkets which Violet used to wear lie in a shining heap before him, and he began to spread them out one by one, a sinister smile on his coarse face.

There were several rings and brooches, two or three pairs of bracelets and ear pendants, her watch and chain, and some pretty chatelaines; taking them all together, it was quite a valuable collection for a young girl to have.

"I'm very glad I never sold 'em," he muttered, as, after a time, he began to gather them up and return them to the box, "there is nobody living that would give as much as he paid for them, and I shall make him fork over handsomely for them. I could never have realized one-tenth of their value if I'd pawned them."

He put them carefully away, and then, after taking a long pull from a large black bottle, he crawled into his miserable bed and was soon soundly sleeping.

A few days later, after making himself as respectable as possible—which is not saying very much in his favor—and armed with the box containing Violet's jewelry, he wended his way once more to the office of Harlow & Richardson.

Upon arriving at their rooms and inquiring for Mr. Richardson, he was told that he had just stepped out, but would be in again in a few minutes; if he would like to wait he could take a seat in the private office.

Mr. Mencke's finances were in such a critical state that he was willing to wait a good while, rather than miss the bargain which he meant to drive with Wallace.

He went into the inner office, and threw himself into one of the luxurious front chairs.

Presently he heard the outer door open and close, than a few words were spoken in a low tone, evidently by one of the clerks to the person who had entered, and the next moment Wallace came into the presence of the man whom he had last seen in Mentone, when he had been told of the supposed terrible fate of Violet, his young wife.

He started visibly, and every atom of color forsook his face as he recognized him.

He had not yet manicured his grief sufficiently to be able to meet any one associated with that wretched time, unmoved; but he quickly recovered himself, and was again his usual calm and courteous self.

"Mr. Mencke!" he said, bowing politely, but he could not conceal the pained, astonished look in his eyes, as the colonel saw the unmistakable marks which more than a year of dissipation had written upon the man.

"Yes, and it is some surprise to you and I met," returned Mencke, trying to assume an easy air, though it was evident that he was embarrassed by uncomfortable memories and a sense of his own inferiority in the presence of the young man whom he had once affected to despise; "meanwhile, he added, "you have been making rapid strides along the road to fortune."

Wallace bowed courteously in reply to this, while he thought that he could say as much for his visitor; then he inquired with some constraint in his tone:

"Is there anything that I can do for you, sir?"

"Hum!" observed Mr. Mencke, assuming a wise look, "I came here thinking, perhaps, I could do something for you."

"Indeed!" Wallace remarked, with evident surprise.

"Yes; perhaps, though, you had better close the door, glancing toward the inter-office, "as what I have to say, you might not like to have others hear."

Wallace quietly closed the door without making any reply, then he sat down by his desk and leaned his head upon his hand.

He was still quite pale, for the presence of this man revived many painful memories, while, from his request that the door might be shut, he imagined that he might have something to say to him about Violet.

"I have come here to-day upon a little matter of business as well as of sentiment," Mr. Mencke resumed, "and I may as well tell you frankly, to begin with, that I have been very unfortunate during the last year. I have lost a great deal of money, in one way and another—an in fact dusedly hard up just now—and—I—ah I—ahem! want to raise a little money to start myself again in a small way."

Wallace's eyes expressed the astonishment he could not conceal, for he knew that two years ago Wilhelm Mencke was supposed to be very wealthy, while it was said that he held in trust thirty thousand dollars, or more, of Violet's money.

Of course, believing Violet to be dead, he had supposed her property would revert, by natural inheritance, to her sister, Mrs. Mencke, and that her husband still had control of it.

What could have become of it all in so short a time! He was amazed by the man's statement and doubly so that he should have thought of appealing to him in his embarrassment.

He made no reply, however, although his companion had paused evidently with the expectation that he would make some observation.

"I have heard," he resumed presently, though a trifle shamefacedly, "that you are making piles of money and—I thought—ah—perhaps, if I could give you good security, you might help me out."

Wallace sat erect now.

He wondered more and more at the man's cool effrontery and lack of shame in coming to solicit aid from him, after his abusive treatment of him in the past.

But he wished to have no dealings with him—he would have been glad if they had never met again.

"I have no money that I care to invest outside the line of my own business," he said, coldly.

Wilhelm Mencke smiled mysteriously.

He felt very sure that Wallace would give him money, and a handsome sum too, before he got through with him.

"Ahem! Perhaps when you hear my proposals you may decide differently," he remarked, as he drew the box of trinkets from his pocket. "I must have some money at once, and I cannot raise it in one way I must in another. I have a few articles here which, though they might not bring very much at a forced sale, might be considered invaluable, on account of the associations connected with them, by some persons. I myself have been loth to part with them heretofore on that account, but there are times when one has to sacrifice sentiment to necessity. I thought I'd give you the first chance at them since you might be said to be the most interested party; but if you don't care to avail yourself of the opportunity, of course I shall be obliged to realize what I can upon them elsewhere."

"I do not think I understand what you mean or want, Mr. Mencke," Wallace observed, looking perplexed and uncomfortable.

"Well, then, to come to the point at once, here are some things that were Violet's—her watch and chain and a lot of other trinkets, and I must raise money on them, and right soon, too," Wilhelm Mencke replied, as he uncovered the box, thus revealing the glitter of its precious contents to his companion.

A look very of pain and horror burst from Wallace, as he now comprehended the man's purpose, and he threw out his hand with a gesture of suffering.

"What! sell Violet's watch and jewelry!" he exclaimed, in a tone that shook with mingled emotion and indignation. "Shame!"

"Help it, if you please," returned his companion, in a stolcal voice, though he flushed with guilty consciousness. "I'm in a bad box and I need money."

Wallace reached out and took the box from him, and his hand shook like a leaf as he did so.

He was terribly moved, and could with difficulty retain his composure, for as he looked upon those pretty mementoes of happier days, a thousand tender memories came thronging upon him, threatening to completely unnerve him.

How well he remembered some of those jewels—others he had never seen.

The watch Violet had always worn, and it was marked with her initials—it had been a gift from her father, and she had prized it very highly.

How well, too, he remembered that emerald ring, for it had contrasted so prettily with her beautiful white hand, and with the solitaire diamond which had been its companion. There was also an amethyst, set with pearls and diamonds, which she had sometimes worn; and, more precious, in his sight, than all, her wedding ring, which he himself had placed upon her finger, that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had gone so quietly to the venerable clergyman in —— street, and plighted their vows to each other.

Hot tears crushed unbidden to his eyes as he looked upon it, for he remembered how Violet's lips had quivered as she told him that she should not dare to wear it openly with her beautiful white hand, and with the solitaire diamond which had been its companion. There was also an amethyst, set with pearls and diamonds, which she had sometimes worn; and, more precious, in his sight, than all, her wedding ring, which he himself had placed upon her finger, that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had gone so quietly to the venerable clergyman in —— street, and plighted their vows to each other.

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"Dearest friend," murmured the buxom widow as she leaned temptingly near the tall and handsome man who had once been her lover, but who was now a full-fledged widower of six months' growth, "I suppose the loss of your wife still sits heavily upon you; but you mustn't mourn forever, you know, for it's just possible that some day you will find another, true woman to take the place of the one you have lost. You have never thought of this, I suppose, have you Mr.——"

"Missed her!" hastily interrupted the handsome widower, purposely misconstruing the buxom widow's real meaning and kindly trying to lead her thoughts into other channels, "indeed I have and still do miss her greatly. Of course, you being a woman, cannot fully understand a man's feelings in a matter like this. Only a man could do that. Let me say, however, that I fully indorse the sentiments of that gifted Russian poet Ocomeoff, who says:

I'm hot in the morning, when the dew is on the rye;
I miss her, too, at noonday, when I see a vacant plate;
I miss her pillicoy bills that used to make me sigh,
And I miss her, when at evening I get home a little late.

The buxom widow pursued the conversation no further.

Her Lack of Expression.

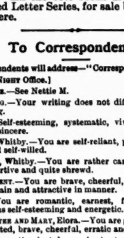
Lift her up tenderly,
Treat her with care,
The banana-peel tripped her
And you know she can't swear.

Philadelphia Times.

A Case of Disability.

"To be taken after each meal," read Impecuna, as the doctor left the prescription; "I shouldn't think one dose a day would help a fellow up very fast.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

Fashionable in Spite of Himself.



Fashion Note.—The hair will be worn low this season.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

JEBSAMEER.—See Nettie M.

GIGOLEWIG.—Your writing does not differ from that of Snickermug.

DACIA.—Self-esteeming, systematic, vivacious, hopeful, brave and sincere.

JUDITH, Whitby.—You are self-reliant, persevering, affectionate and self-willed.

M. A. H., Peterboro'.—You are rather careless, inclined to be self-assertive and quite shrewd.

IDA VINCENT.—You are brave, cheerful, affectionate, persevering, vain and attractive in manner.

JEAN.—You are romantic, earnest, frank, ambitious, ostentatious self-esteeming and energetic.

MIDSUMMER AND MARY, Elora.—You are generous, sincere, warm-hearted, brave, cheerful, erratic and vain.

EVE.—Sympathy, jpetulance, hasty temper, methodical mind and ambition are indicated by your writing.

CONTRARIUS.—Tact, good executive ability, self-reliance, ambition and some vanity are shown in your writing.

TIB.—You are cheerful, ostentatious, vain, inclined to be sarcastic, a little too self-esteeming and self-willed.

LADY PEACH.—You are a little selfish, hasty, impassioned, candid, cheerful, languid in temperament and lacking in sympathy.

HAZEL.—You are probably self-reliant, very industrious, rather orderly with considerable caution and independence of thought.

MIDNIGHT DREAMS, Peterboro'.—You are warm-hearted, rather indecisive, a little vain, somewhat impatient and self-willed.

JERSEY LILY.—You are bright, vivacious in conversation, systematic, affectionate, even-tempered and independent in thought.

MAYME B.—You are probably very loquacious, rather indecisive, very cordial, a little obstinate, fond of luxury and flattery.

WIFE.—This specimen is so small as to be of little use. Timidity, sensitiveness, much tenderness, candor and energy are shown.

BERNIE.—You are doubtless egotistical, determined, ambitious, sincere, restless in temperament, self-willed, cautious and reserved.

SHERBROOKE, Goderich.—Vanity, flippancy and desire for flattery are shown in your writing, has also decision and energy with some ambition.

HENRY.—Your writing indicates activity of mind, fondness of others' good opinions, amiability, good practical ability and extreme candor.

THERESA.—Strong affection, geniality power of earnest and sustained effort, but too much caution for the fulfilment of your ambitious schemes.

MORNING, Brighton.—I should judge you to be rather self-esteeming, inclined to be despondent, self-willed, a little careless, tender and sincere.

SHORT AND TALL, Lindsay.—You must have forgotten to give me an address. I have the sunbeam and a stamp, and will lay them aside until you send on address.

PACIFIC.—You are affectionate in disposition, a little careless, cheerful, chatty, indecisive, brisk in movement and a little too humble in spirit to succeed in life.

LAGOMAN.—Self-esteem, decision, energy, vivacity in conversation and selfishness are indicated by this writing. N. E's is too small a sample to reveal much. It points to vanity and self-will and indicates impulse.

CHIC.—The brow shows selfishness, the eyes shrewdness, the nose caution, the lips reserve and cheerfulness, the chin self-will, perseverance and energy. The writing indicates some vanity and generosity and ambition.

MAGGIE.—Will you please write and tell me what in the world you mean by that "tag and sleigh-ride" expression? Your writing shows you to be impulsive, careless, fun-loving, generous, frank, easily-wounded, fickle and funny.

VERNA M. HANON.—Your writing shows cheerfulness, persevering, self willed and rather petulant. I should think that music would be perhaps the best study to pursue, but cannot tell you how to do it. Your ear do not expect is to realize golden fruit for you.

VANTE, Niagara.—You are, doubtless, very ambitious, with strong literary tastes, some self-esteem and gaiety of disposition. Decision, independent thought and self-reliance are strongly marked. 2. I must refer you to the announcement made regarding the competition.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATA.—Now really, my friend, I draw the line at telling you whether I think you would be an ideal husband. Ask the young lady. She will tell you I am sure. You are very decided in manner and speech, a reserved, yet kindly, cautious and industrious. You are thoughtful rather than cheerful.

TIP.—The elegant description which you gave is "fetching," certainly, but it is not sufficiently "reaching," and, in fact, does not fit. You are merry, careless, willful flippant, hasting, hasty-tempered and have a good deal of tenderness stowed away in your heart. I am sorry, but the photographs are of no use whatever.

JUVENIL, Kingston.—I think the brushing is almost the only thing to aid you. Your general health will answer for most of your affliction. Keep it good by an abundance of exercise and careful attention to bath and diet. The writing shows sincerity, despondency, affection, some carelessness and a good deal of pure obstinacy.

NUMBER ONE, Shelburne.—If you want me to read your writing why do you take such pains to effect so poor a disguise? If you send me specimen I will read them carefully. 2. A catechism of music, costing twenty-five cents, contains most of the more common musical terms. 3. Pattern, braids and cord thread can be obtained of any fancy goods dealer, for although point lace making is not a fashionable way of wasting time, it is perhaps as desirable as any.

PEARL.—Golden brown hair and eyelashes should look very pretty. 2. I do not remember the quotation, as Matthew Arnold wrote so many poems and the line is not often mentioned, I am afraid I cannot find it for you. 3. The friendship may be not a very heavy one, but you must remember that friendship means more than acquaintance. 4. Your writing proves you to be very truthful, rather impetuous, quick at repartee, a little too sensitive, curious and self-esteeming.

THE TRUE TERESA.—No. 1. You are restless in temperament, cordial, mirthful, neat and rather hasty in temper. No. 2. Some vanity, with generosity, cheerfulness and mirth are the characteristics of your writing. No. 3. The eyes show kindly disposition and fondness for luxury, with tendency to exaggeration. The nose displays a genial temperament and some caution. the mouth is a little firm, but the chin too yielding. The brows display a jealous disposition. Am returning the photograph as you desired.

ADIMOR F. M. B.—You are indecisive, self-willed and merry. If your diet, clothing and bath are according to the rules of health you should not have pimples. If you do have them in spite of good care get a physician to prescribe a course of treatment I might tell you to use some local treatment, but it cannot remove the cause and would do no lasting good. If a toothache resists the old-fashioned remedies of camphor and laudanum applied on cotton wool, it may yield to a hot bath followed with camphor sprinkle it thickly with black pepper and apply it to the face.

A MAIDEN IN BROWN, Belleville. — Surely this photographic must be yours, and yet there is no name on it and no letter to bear it company. If you do not send me your address and a stamp for it I shall be good and to write your pseudonym beneath and keep it. The brow shows serenity; the eyebrows, affection; the eye, kindness of heart, fun-loving and honest; the nose is indicative of good sense, but not remarkable for tact nor sensitiveness. The mouth is impulsive, generous and fond of good eating, while the dimple corrects the over impulsiveness of the lips. You are probably very energetic and very frank.

P. D. Q.—You write a very pretty letter, little girl; but you are far too careless in your use of words. You are very wise to give up music if your statements are unvarnished facts. You should recite well, but do you imagine that you can ever d y anything without honest application? 2. You must prevent your complaint from killing your calls, except by simply deciding that you will not. 3. I fancy you are genial, good company and very sympathetic, and that is the reason that people seek you. It is a mark of true esteem, and be happy if you are counted worthy to receive such a compliment.

ISCHOFER.—I do indeed wish I could help you, but I cannot. It would seem as if you were seeking unsuitable positions, but there is nothing for you to do except continue perseverance in spite of difficulty. Your writing indicates method, cordiality, affectionate disposition, unselfishness and caution. It is not in my power to recommend you to any one at all powerful unless one thoroughly understands the condition of the patient, and I should advise the use of anything except harmless compounds of common ingredients. Bathe the eyes with warm water, and always brush the brows and eyelashes with the brush, then apply a salve of vaseline one ounce and red oxide of mercury one grain.

VIOLA RAYE, Kingston.—I could not possibly advise you unless I knew more of your surroundings. I am rather afraid that you worry too much. Care will kill women as well as cats, so be brave. Dark skies always mean something and brighter to-morrows must follow. You ask me if a girl's school days are happiest. I scarcely think so, except those of the careless little boy, whose tender care forbids sadness and the castle-building which it brings. Your writing shows intense sensitiveness, methodical temperament, a critical mind and inclination to despondency. You are decisive in action, but you should cultivate cheerfulness, and be philosophical enough to stop worrying over events beyond your control.

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Photographs of all sizes

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

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MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET

ROOMS GOLDEN LION, R. WALKER & SONS, King St. East.

MISS FAYON has just returned from New York fully prepared to entertain and undertake the commands of her many patrons. Her rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the coming styles and modes, having the latest French, English and American fashions. Invites an early visit and inspection.

Toronto, September 13.

THE LEADER SAMPLE ROOM

THE CHOICEST LINES OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

First-Class Restaurant in Connection

E. SULLIVAN, Proprietor

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1060. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE

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DOORS NEVER CLOSED

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Wholesale and Retail

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis.

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TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

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Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

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Ocean steamship tickets sold to England and the Continent. For full particulars and tickets apply to

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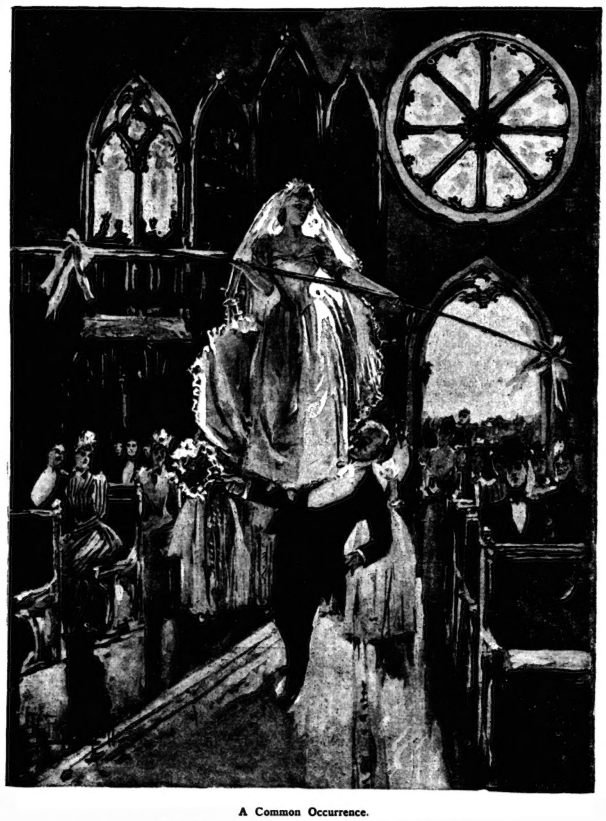
158 Yonge Street, Toronto



A Common Occurrence.

The Bride went up the aisle on her Father's arm.—Life.

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Agents wanted in every City and Town in Dominion.

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Manufacturers and dealers in Roofing Materials, Building Papers, Carpet Felt, &c. Also lay Trinidad Asphalt on Stable Floors, Cellar Bottoms, &c.

MISS STEVENS

Invites the early inspection of her new and fashionable stock of

Millinery, Feathers Flowers

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Fancy Goods

Mourning Millinery a Specialty

251 Yonge Street

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MISS PAYNTER,

MILLINERY PARLORS

NOW OPEN

With all the Latest Novelties of the Season.

No 3 Rossin House Block,

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THE SCHOOL OF CUTTING

Teaching our New Tailor System of Dress and Mantle cutting for ladies' and children's garments. Perfect satisfaction assured.

DRESSMAKING

Our art. Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to Costumes and Mantle making.

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Leading styles. Well assorted fall stock at reduced prices.

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Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty, both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

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170 King Street West - - Toronto

Fresh Arrivals

MESSRS. H. & C. BLACHFORD

Have much pleasure in announcing that their stock of

Fine Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes

is now complete, and would invite early inspection.

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto

Fine Footwear

For Ladies

Pickles (326 Yonge Street) has imported a large stock of the American

Common Sense Ladies' Boots

A first-class article, at a low price, that will immensely please the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

ONE OF THE FINEST REG'D Whithams

James Whitham & Co.'s CELEBRATED

POLICE BOOTS

For men's Fall and Winter wear.

Also reliable goods from many of the leading makers, suitable for every

WALK of life.

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$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.

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Our Specialties—Ostrich Feathers, Kid Gloves, Ladies Dress Goods Jackets, etc.

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Running through to Vancouver without change.

For Berths and all information apply to any Agent of the Company, or write

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FOR THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

Something of special interest to those who appreciate

ART - IN - DRESS

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MISS HOLLAND

Would intimate to her customers and ladies generally that she has now a very large and choice stock of

French Patterns in Millinery

Together with novelties in

Flowers, Ribbons, &c.

Of which she would solicit inspection. Also very handsome Jackets and Small Dolmans.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management and most satisfactory results.

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Accurately fitted. First quality lenses. Opera and Field Glasses, Thermometers, &c.

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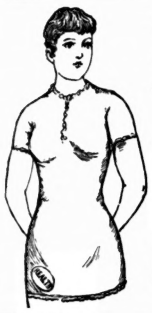

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what he thinks of the new Undervests just introduced and known as the Health Brand.

The result of his answer will be that directly you go down town you will ask to see them, but remember, if not stamped plainly with the word "Health" you won't be getting the right thing. Perfect fitting, soft, luxurious and warm, is the general verdict. A new thing and a good thing which does not always follow.

W. A. Murray & Co. keep them.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE THE LITTLE TYCOON

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Monday Night, Oct. 27

Every Night During the Week
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday

WILLARD SPENSER'S

AMERICAN-JAPANESE

Comic Opera Success

PRESENTED

BY THE AUTHOR'S OWN COMPANY

ON A SCALE OF

Matchless Magnificence

The Most Memorable Comic Opera Event of the Season

WHY?

The Most Elaborate Production
The Most Gorgeous Costumes
The Most Catchy of Catchy Music
The Most Laughter and Merriment
The Most Delicate Refinement
The Most Novel of Novelties
The Most Brilliant of Electric Effects

Seats now on sale at Box Office. GEO. W. JUNE, Manager.

A musical and dramatic recital by Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Jessie Alexander is announced to be given in West Association Hall on October 31. See advertisement in another column.

THE MART

ESTABLISHED 1834
WITHOUT RESERVE.

IMPORTANT SALE OF ABOUT 200

Choice Oil Paintings and Water Color Drawings

We have pleasure in announcing that we have received instructions from one of the leading houses of fine art dealers in London, England, to sell by Auction, at the Mart, 57 King street east, on

Tuesday and Wednesday Next, October 28 and 29

At 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

A collection of choice Oil Paintings and Water Color Drawings which includes many works by English and French artists of the highest repute. Amongst others there are: Fine Animal Paintings by E. Armfield. Landscapes by A. H. Vicars (silver medalist at the Royal Academy.) Scotch Lake and Mountain Scenery by "Graham," well known for his minute finish. Hunting and Racing Scenes by R. Stone. French Sceneries by F. Rahien, A. Chateauy, Pierre Morin and A. Schulte, all members of and exhibitors at the Salon, Paris. The Water Color Drawings are of the highest class by W. Wigery, A. Ludovici, J. Solmon, V. De Paradis, Charles Rowbotham, E. Barnes, etc., etc.

We have imperative instructions to sell every picture in the above collection on its merits entirely without reserve, and we invite all lovers of Fine Arts to attend and compete for the above works. The pictures will be on view on Monday morning and catalogues can be had upon application to the undersigned.

OLIVER, COATE & CO., Auctioneers.

SPECIAL Wall Papers

We have in stock the following "Victorian" Wall Papers, made by Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., of London, Eng., and sold exclusively by us in Canada.

The Peacock Garden—Designed by Walter Crane, and produced in Flat Colors, Flocks and Pressed Leathers.

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Also a very large importation of Sanitary Washable Papers, at Specially Low Prices.

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DRAMATIC RECITAL

BY

MR. GRENVILLE P.

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ASSISTED BY

MR. and MRS. H. M. BLIGHT

IN

Association Hall, Tuesday Evening, November 4

Plan for subscribers will open at Nordheimers' Monday October 27, at 10 a.m. Admission 25c.; reserved seats 50c

MISS BURNETT

117 Yonge Street

Is now showing for fall wear a well-selected stock of

Imported Millinery

Feathers, Velvet Ribbons, Birds

And all the New Veilings

The Dressmaking Department is under the same efficient management.

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Dress Cutting Taught
Magic Scale Agency
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A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 349 Jarvis Street.

RECITAL

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

Mrs. Caldwell

Miss Jessie Alexander

WEST Association Hall, cor. Dovercourt and Queen

Friday, October 31

Seats reserved at Hall.

Evening Silks! Black Silks!

GRAND CLEARING SALE

Now that the Ball and Party season is near at hand ladies are no doubt looking about to purchase new Evening Silks. The time to do this is now, and the place is

THE BON MARCHE

Read the Following Bargains:

EVENING SILKS

China Silk (all pure silk)	$ .25	worth	$ .35
China Silk (ext'a wide)	.30	"	.50
Surah Silk	.50	"	.75
Surah Silk (heavy pure silk)	.90	"	1.25
Merveilleux (23 in.)	.50	"	1.00
Merveilleux (extra)	.75	"	1.25
French Failles	1.00	"	1.50
Satin de Lyons	1 00	"	1.50
French Luxor Silk	1.00	"	1.50

The above are all special bargains and the newest pale shades for evening wear

BLACK SILKS

Black Merveilleux (all silk)	$ .50	worth	$ .75
Black Merveilleux	.65	"	1.00
Black Merveilleux	.75	"	1.25
Black French Gros Grain	.75	"	1.00
Black French Gros Grain	1 00	"	1.50
Black French Luxor	1.00	"	1.50
Black Armure Royal	1.25	"	2.00
Black Satin Duchess (26 in. wide)	1.25	"	2.00

Black Silks and Satins being the correct thing this season, ladies will find the above bargains well worth their attention.

A BONANZA FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON!!!

Evening shades of all-wool Cashmere, 45 inches wide - - 50c., worth 75c.
Evening shades of Silk Finished Henriettas - - - - 65c., worth to-day 90c.

NOTE THIS---500 Beautiful Evening Fans will be sold during this great sale AT 50c. ON THE DOLLAR.

THE BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 King Street East

HAMMOND FOR FURS

All the newest of styles in Furs now in stock.

Beautiful Sacques, Storm Collars, Jackets, Boas, &c., at

129 Yonge Street

OAK HALL

115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East

Toronto

For elegant design, quality of material and solid workmanship our BOYS' SUITS are unsurpassed, as is testified by an ever-increasing trade in this department. An examination of our immense stock will convince any one that all we claim for our goods is fully carried out, and we invite your inspection.

OAK HALL

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W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

Ontario Society of Artists

Hon. G. W. ALLAN, President.

A CONVERSAZIONE

Under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell will take place at

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY

ON

Thursday Evening, October 30, at 8 p.m.

COMMITTEE—D. E. Cameron, H. K. Cockin, O. A. Howland, Jas. P. Murray, Wm. Revell, Geo. A. Reid, W. A. Sherwood, J. Enoch Thompson.

Tickets—Ladies, 75c.; Gentlemen, $1. May be had of any of the Committee and at the Gallery. Dancing after 10 o'clock.

R. F. GAGEN, Secretary.

EDDIE LEO

THE PHENOMENAL BOY SINGER

Assisted by Mrs. CLARA BARNES-HOLMES of Buffalo and other first-class professional artists

THREE GRAND CONCERTS

Pavilion, Oct. 28 and 29—Two Evenings
One Matinee

Tickets 50c. Reserved seats tickets, evening concerts $1; matinee, 60c. Plans open at Nordheimers' 20th inst.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

HAVE THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

CARRIAGE RUGS

In the city. Prices from $2.50 to $25 each.

FULL LINE OF

HORSES' CLOTHING

FULL LINE OF

English Saddles, Bridles and Martingales

The Outfit Complete

CHARLES BROWN & CO

6 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

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Dinners
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Banquets
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JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE

Matinees Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

Week Commencing Monday, Oct. 27

McCarthy & Reynold's

DEAR IRISH BOY

Popular Prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c.

Week of Nov. 3—Marguerite Fish, in Ernia the Elf.

OUR Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Stre

WE have had gloomy weather for the past few days. We hope for brighther weather now. A bright cheerful stock needs bright cheerful weather to make it move. Our Overcoat Department has many attractive features for this season. The usual painstaking care in its selection and yet aiming to keep prices down to meet the purses of the masses has been our rule and practice. Come to-night and look our stock over.

T. K. ROGERS
Men's Clothier 522 Queen St. West

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

Elegant Plush Mantles

OUR SPECIALTY is Plush Cloaks and Jackets. We show a choice collection of Silk Plush Jackets this season, made up in the newest shapes with quilted satin lining from $17. In three-quarter-length Plush Jackets, made up in combination with Astrachan and Persian Lamb Sleeves and Collars, our assortment is large and attractive. Our Plush Dolmans from $20 are not to be surpassed either for style or price. Elegantly Braided and Applique Plush Dolmans for matronly ladies are really handsome. Special attention is given to the **MANUFACTURE OF PLUSH AND SEALETTE GARMENTS** of every description, employing only efficient German tailors on this work Perfect fit guaranteed.

N.B.—Mail orders promptly attended to.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

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Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly-fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

A Strong Regard.

She—Don't you love the early poets?
He (a magazine editor)—Indeed I do; they're all dead.—*Judge.*

HENRY C. FORTIER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office 16 Victoria Street. Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 256 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MATHEWSON—At Winnipeg, on October 14, Mrs. F. H. Mathewson—a son.
PEARSON—At Toronto, on October 20, Mrs. W. H. Pearson—a daughter.
GRAY—At Toronto, on October 20, Mrs. J. G. R. Gray—a daughter.
HENDRIE—At Toronto, on October 17, Mrs. John S. Hendrie—a son.
PAYNE—At Toronto, on October 21, Mrs. John Payne—a daughter, stillborn.
HALE—At Parkhill, on October 19, Mrs. Henry R. Hale—a son.
MURRAY—At Toronto, on October 8, Mrs. R. W. Murray—a son.
CROSS—At Toronto, on October 17, Mrs. Kenneth Cross—a son.
GAMBIER-BOUSFIELD—At Toronto, on October 21, Mrs. E. W. Gambier-Bousfield—a son.
BONNALI—At Los Angelos, Cal., on October 20, Mrs. J. B. Bonnali—a daughter.
SHAFTER—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. F. Shapter—a son
MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. T. C. Milligan—a son.

Marriages.

BROWNING—BURLEY—At Orange, N. J., on October 6, T. B. Browning, M.A., barrister of Toronto to Agnes Burley of Glasgow, Scotland.
MILLWARD—McADOE—At Toronto, on October 15, John Millward to Lida Mary McAdoe.
WILLIAMS—LENNOX—At Barrie, on October 15, W. H. Williams to Sara Lennox.
PERKINS—ANDERSON—On October 8, M. J. Perkins of Marquette, Michigan, to Nellie Anderson of Toronto.
REYNOLDS—LOGIE—At Hamilton, on October 22, Thomas William Reynolds, M.D., to Mary Lawrason Logie.

Deaths.

FEE—At Toronto, on October 20, infant daughter of Joseph and Mary J. Fee, aged 1 year.
CAMERON—At Lucknow, on October 20, J. Douglass Cameron, aged 17 years.
STEPHENSON—At Toronto, on October 21, James Stephenson.
BALDWIN—At Toronto, October 21, Margaret McLeod Baldwin, aged 22 years.
BROWN—At Toronto, on October 17, Mrs. Brown, aged 66 years.
DUNN—At Welland, on October 13, James Murison Dunn, B.A., LL.B., aged 59 years.
HOLWELL—At Toronto, on October 17, Major William Antrobus Holwell, aged 83 years.
GIRT—At Toronto, on October 19, Jane Girt, aged 59 years.
KERRISON—At Toronto, on October 18, Henry Kerrison, aged 49 years.
LAWRENCE—At Mitchell, on October 18, Edwin G. Lawrence, aged 34 years.
BELL—At Toronto, Richard James Bell, aged 59 years.
BURL—At Toronto, on October 11, youngest son of William and Mary Burl, aged 8 years and 8 months.
CRANE—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. Ann Crane, aged 87 years.
CHURCHILL—At Chester, England, on October 22, Mrs. Walter Churchill.
McKAY—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. Robert McKay, aged 42 years.
SEYMOUR—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. James Seymour, aged 34 years.
SPLAN—At Toronto, on October 21, Ethel May Splan.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS
DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

H. BARITTA MULL
School of Voice Culture and Singing
Opens September 1

The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Barili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.
VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.
Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS'
ACADEMY

Late of 293 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 244 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall also; the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice.

Coffee and Cream

POINTS ABOUT OUR COFFEES:

(1) We buy the coffee-bean direct from the Eastern growers.
(2) We are therefore sure of the purity of what we sell.
(3) Our Java Coffees for strength and our Mocha Coffees for flavor and fineness.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

The Geo. W. Shaver Co., Ltd
244 Yonge Street 'Phone 1850.

PERFUMES

SEE OUR ASSORTMENT

Lubin's, Atkinson's
Colgate's, Rickseecker's
Lundborg's, Gosnell's
Piver's, Rimmel's

And other noted makers, in ONE, TWO and FOUR ounce bottles. We have also the LEADING ODORS in bulk, which we sell at FIFTY CENTS an ounce.

NOTE—These goods can be diluted to make a cheaper article, but we prefer to supply our customers with a good perfume and let them do their own diluting if they wish.

J. A. McARTHUR

DRUGGIST
230 Yonge Street - opp. Shuter Street

GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe Stables, 105 Mutual St. Handsome turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
Telephone 2104
Arthur M. Bowman
Proprietor

$23.50

We are selling a

BEDROOM SUITE

with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.

You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

KINDLING
100 BUNDLES FOR $1.00
The Shannon Shingle Manufacturing Co.
TORONTO ONT
Manufacturers and Shippers of Shingles
HEAD OFFICE 559 Queen St. West Telephone 1170

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

MANTLES

Inspection invited. Ladies will please note the superior finish and workmanship, the style, the elegant trimmings, and the quality of the materials of which our Mantles are manufactured. Our prices will be found lower than those of any other house in the trade.

Ladies' Stockinette Jackets, in very latest Paris novelties, at $1.75, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4, $5; with vest front elegantly braided, at $4, $4.25, $5, $6, $7.50, $10.

Ladies' Cloth Jackets in Cheviot, English Serges, Astrachan and Beaver, vest fronts, plain and braided, plush and Astrachan sleeves, from 32 to 38 inch bust, $8, $10, $12, $15, $17.50 and $20 each.

English Seal Plush Jackets, with roll or medico collar, plain or trimmed in any style, from $6 to $30.

Ladies' Tweed Ulsters at $4, $4.50, $5, $6.50, $7.50, $9 and $10. Beaver Cloth Ulsters, handsomely braided, at $8, $10 and $11, with capes and double sleeves at from $12 to $25.

An excellent range of Plush Ulsters, Dolmans and Circulars, with silk and fur linings, in styles that cannot be found elsewhere. These are high class goods, and the prices asked are remarkably low.

Children's and Misses Jackets and Ulsters in one hundred different styles, sizes from 2 to 18 years, new materials, new shades, fit guaranteed. Call and examine them.

Elevator to Mantles and Millinery.

R. SIMPSON'S
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF

DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY
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